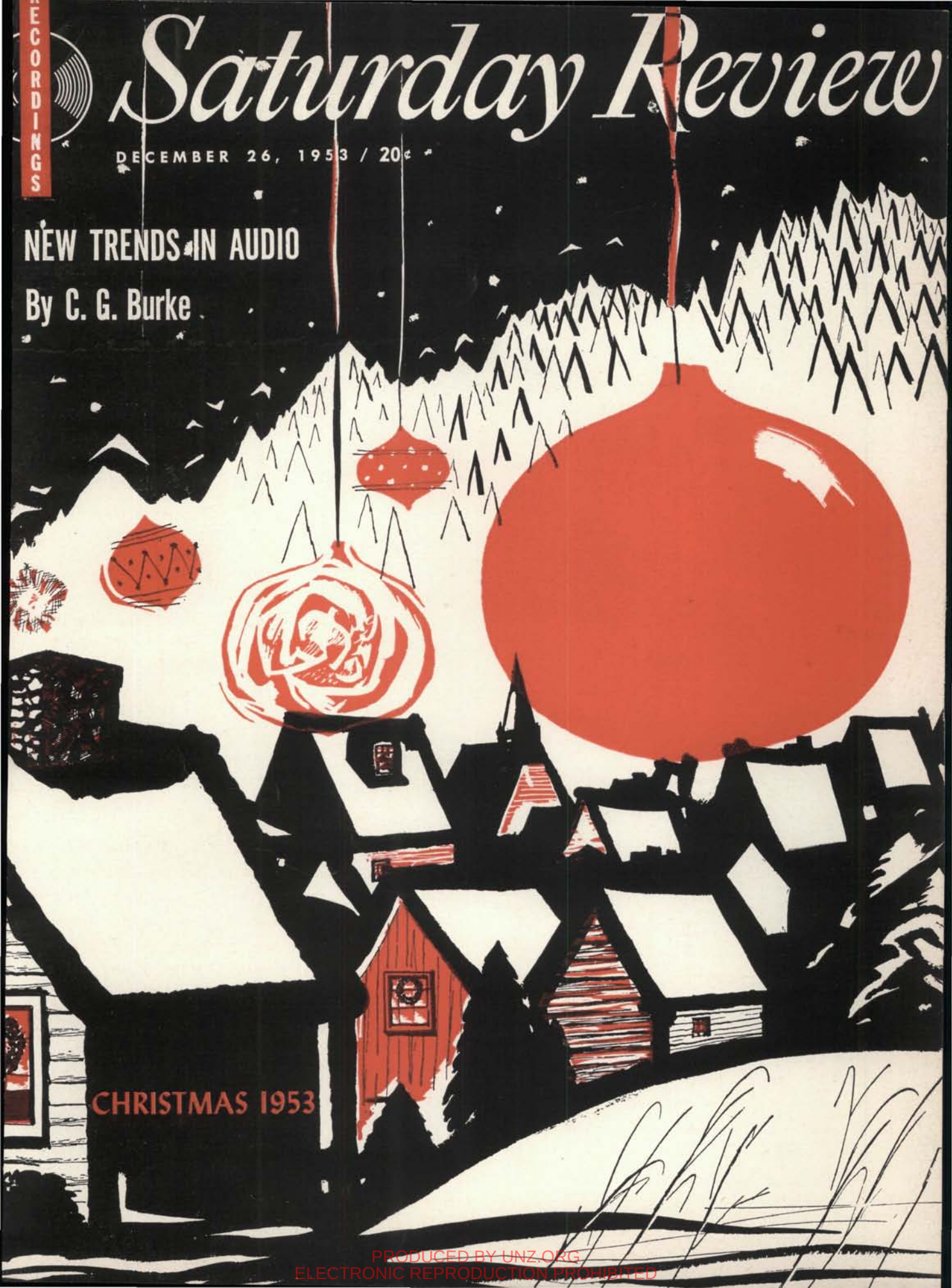

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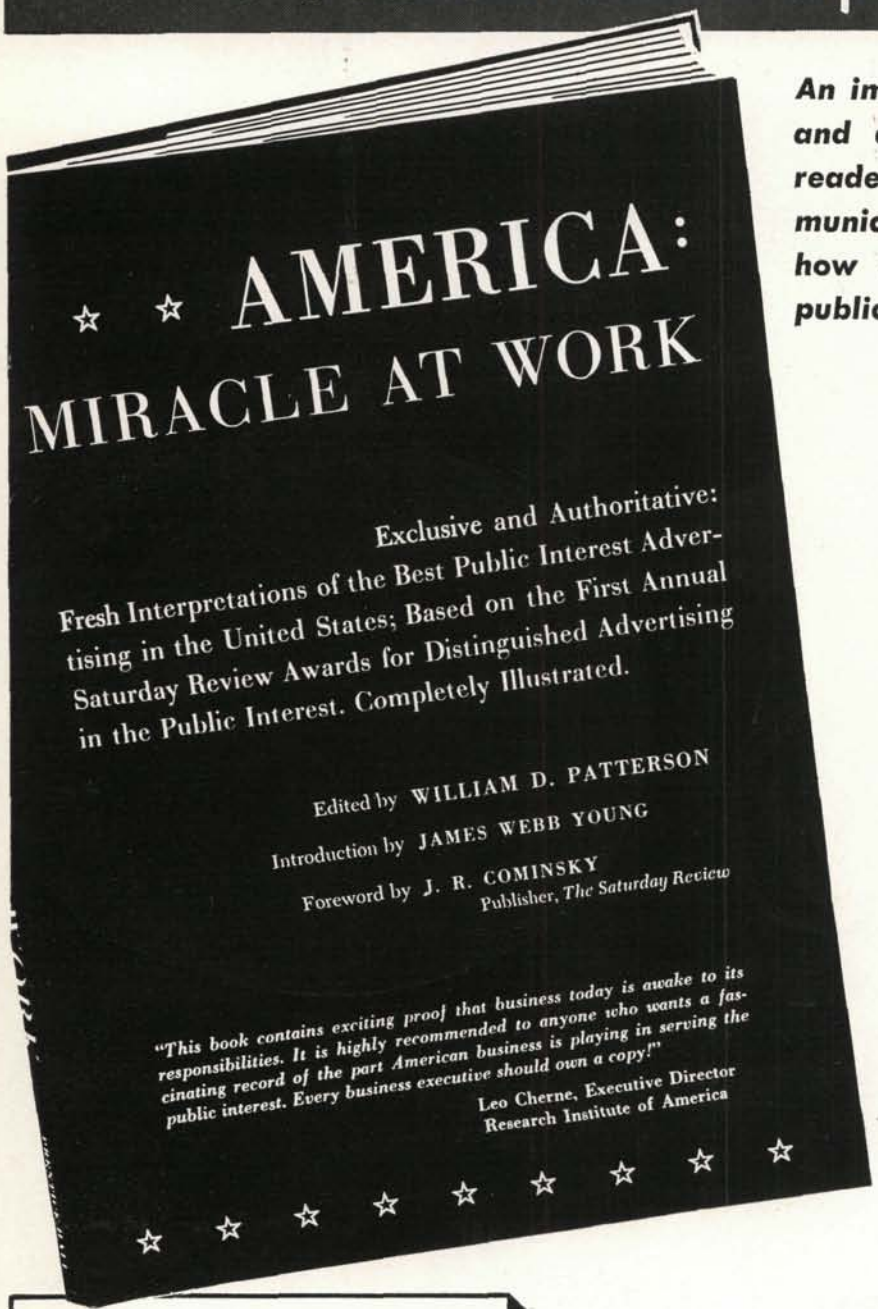
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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 26, 1953

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I don't usually make New Year's Resolutions, but this year I have decided to break my tradition in the hope of eliminating from the language a particularly irritating cliché.

¶ Therefore, I resolve to take, in 1954, any suitable action against that grammatical usage I call the possessive double substantive, an example of which appears in the statement, "He is a novelist's novelist."

¶ The implication behind this is clear: it suggests a degree of professionalism that cannot be grasped by the normal reader.

¶ I was talking to a critic recently when I realized the length to which this construction can be carried. We were discussing the forthcoming book, "Prelude to World War II," by the distinguished Italian, Gaetano Salvemini.

¶ Said my friend, "Salvemini is a modern European historian's modern European historian." I looked at him closely; there was no hint of a smile on his face.

¶ I know what he meant: that Salvemini is one of the greatest living historians, that his new book is unquestionably an important work, as well as interesting to read. But I wish he had come right out and said so.

¶ I'm looking for others to back me up in my resolution. I hope you will be one of them, and I will give a free copy of the 1954 edition of "The Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary" for the best letter I get on current clichés.

¶ After all, if we must use clichés, let's not use stale ones.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Send your letters on clichés to L. L. Day, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. "Prelude to World War II" and "The Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary" will be published after the first of the year by Doubleday and may be ordered through your bookseller.

(Advertisement)

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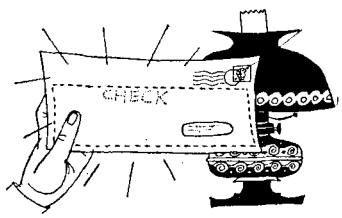
TRADE Winds

IF THERE IS A SHADOW of doubt left about William Faulkner's place among the half-dozen greatest writers alive today it will be dispelled by the publication of his new novel in midsummer 1954. Faulkner calls it simply "A Fable," and he declares unequivocally: "It's my best book." I am in the middle of it myself at this writing. It is terrific.



Mr. Faulkner, paying one of his rare visits to New York, was asked what he thought of Robert Coughlan's laudatory but brutally candid two-part profile in *Life* magazine. "To be truthful," replied Mr. Faulkner, "I haven't read it." This is in keeping with Mr. F.'s accustomed routine. He seldom reads reviews of his books—good or bad—and doesn't always open letters addressed to him either—including my own. When I once protested his failure to answer a rather important query I had put to him by mail Bill smiled disarmingly and admitted, "When a letter arrives from you I always flutter it to see if a check is enclosed. If there's no check I'm afraid I don't always read what you have to say."

Faulkner's mother read that *Life* story, however—and she didn't like it at all. In fact, says Bill, she wired a cancellation of her subscription forthwith. "It still had several weeks to go, too," marveled Bill. "First telegram I believe Mammy's sent in ten years."

Coughlan's piece on Faulkner, incidentally, had such impact that Harper's mean to publish it in book form. Harper's will also publish Coughlan's biography of Lorenzo de Medici—when he finishes it. Mr. Faulkner, meanwhile, is off to Egypt to collaborate with his old friend Howard Hawks on a screenplay about the Pharaohs. Mention of Hawks's name launched Faulkner on a rhapsody over the ex-Mrs. Hawks, Nancy. "What a girl," he enthused. "Cleans a fish better than any woman I ever met."

AN AUTHOR NEVER KNOWS when he may be offending someone unwittingly. James Michener, for instance, received a protest from a resident of San Diego recently which asked:

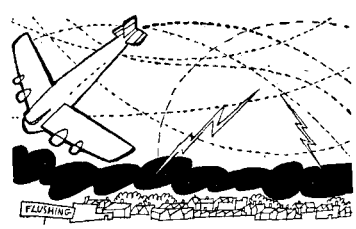
> When you write about America, American warships, and American Government do you mean United States? America geographically consists of North America, Central America, South America, and maybe Little America. Should we be ashamed to acknowledge allegiance to the United States? And pretend we own the whole hemisphere?

Jim Michener counted to "ten," then answered as follows:

> Aren't you confusing patriotism and literary style? The trouble with your proposal is simple. What are you going to use for adjectives? I have rewritten four sentences from a recent essay of mine. How do you like them?
>
> 1. He felt that he could always spot a United Stateser woman.
> 2. Having fought in two wars, he felt he had a right to comment on United Statesians.
> 3. At such moments he was proud to be a United Statesite.
> 4. He was obviously a Unistater.
>
> Sincerely yours. . . .

HERE'S A LAST-MINUTE shopping suggestion for you: The folks gathered around the piano to sing Christmas carols will bless you for providing a change of pace with "The Burl Ives Song Book" ($5) and "The Noel Coward Song Book" ($7.50). These two gay and distinguished collections work like a charm at our house!

THERE'S A TIMID LITERARY LIGHT not too far from the Princeton Club who journeys from one end of the country to the other every season lecturing his precious head off but never yet has dared to set foot in an airplane! "Flying is against my religion," he explains doggedly, and when pressed with the inevitable, "*What* religion?" maintains, "I happen to be a devout coward."



The sort of air experience that he dreads recently befell a plane bound from Chicago to New York that encountered foul weather just outside LaGuardia and began an endless circling of the field. One of the passengers aboard was playwright Moss Hart, who finally asked the stewardess, "What is our trustworthy pilot doing to us?" "Looking for a hole in Flatbush," she explained. "Young lady," groaned Moss, "I spent the first twenty years of my life in a hole in Flatbush."

IT'S NO HOLE THE HART FAMILY live in now—but a sumptuous Park Avenue duplex decorated in the best of taste. Last Christmas season Moss felt that only the biggest tree in New York would be appropriate in such a setting. The one he settled for had to have two feet decapitated before it could be squeezed through the front door.

Late in the afternoon of December 24 Moss hurried home from a trying session at his dentist's to decorate this magnificent tree. His five-year-old son, Chrissy, was waiting impatiently to watch Daddy hang on all the balls, stars, electric lights, and peppermint canes. When Moss had finished there was more paraphernalia on that tree than the one in front of Radio City. He stepped back, head on one side, to view the result with his son. Suddenly there was an ominous crack—and down came the overloaded tree with a horrendous crash.

Chrissy didn't help any by bursting into tears and demanding, "Daddy, what did you want to do *that* for?"

Moss, with the presence of mind characteristic of a first-rate stage director, saved something from the wreckage by pointing out wryly, "Cheer up! Just think, Chrissy, we'll have the only Christmas tree in New York with broken ornaments and *lying on its side*!"

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE COUNTRY last Yuletide a particularly plump Santa Claus appeared in person to dazzle a group of excited kiddies, and they didn't seem to catch on to the fact that it was their absent-minded Uncle Irwin even when he playfully pinched the pretty chambermaid and whispered hoarsely, "Only night of the year I'm interested in an empty stocking."

He disposed of his bag of toys at the chimney place, and rushed out the front door, whooping, "On, Prancer! On, Blitzen! And away we go in a shower of stardust until this time next year!" The kiddies listened breathlessly for the sound of sleighbells and reindeer hooves. Instead, the front doorbell rang out, and a considerably subdued Santa Claus was heard grumbling, "Damnation! I must have lost my car keys!"—BENNETT CERF.

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—From "The Comik Almanack," by George Cruikshank (Bettmann Archive).

A Southdown Christmas

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

PERHAPS it is only at Christmas time that I become consciously aware of one of my routines. Every year at this season I find myself (in spite of more supposedly important duties) rereading some special old favorites. Perhaps the three most habitual, in this ecstasy of evasion, are George Gissing, O. Henry, Leonard Merrick. It is at other seasons that I find myself (maybe that phrase is significant?) busy on W. W. Jacobs, Cutcliffe Hyne, A. Edward Newton, Bill Footner. Instantly after Christmas, as usual, Sherlock Holmes ("The Blue Carbuncle") is my 7 per cent cocaine. The medical men tell me that it was really morphine, not cocaine; but I hold that off until St. Agnes Eve (January 20) when I reread Keats. And remember (one of the great moments) that midshipman at Annapolis who construed Keats's Morphean amulet as a morphine omelet.

A few weeks ago, in the great sunshine anticyclone of October, we were round-and-about Eastbourne (Sussex), which I hankered because apparently few Americans had heard of it. The hotel (in the intervals of reckoning surcharges) insisted that eighty U. S. citizens had been dumped there by the Cunard Line for last summer's Coronation. We were evidently caught in the overdraught of those luxurious transients, but we had a wonderful time. The South of England annual croaky (croquet) tournament was being held; day after day we sat on the sidelines of their billiard-table verdure, rolled and planished, and even saw old Sherlock himself, in deerstalker cap, stroking huge diagonals and clicking his intended ballistic. It is the only game for intentional old men; but also I liked, one day of gusty wind, the lady who bound her rearward skirts with Scottish tapes for fear she would be airborne.

Those were perfect days. You'd have to go back to Asbury Park, say in the Eighties, to find anything like it over here.

But my prime purpose, obviously, was to seek and identify the cottage to which, some fifty years before, Sherlock Holmes had retired to keep bees. I was too simple to realize that Holmes's report, describing it as at the very rim of the Channel cliffs, was evidently intended to mislead the gunmen of Moriarty and Moran. So when I thought I had found the probable spot, and asked the gardener at work, "Does anyone here keep bees?" I got the apocalyptic reply: "You can't keep bees here; too windy."

SO, NOT to bore you with delicious detail, I once more drew a compass arc at five miles from Eastbourne pierhead; attached nylon threads to homing bees working westward from the gorgeous dahlia beds of Eastbourne's municipal gardens, and with huge effort and struggle (helped by Southdown Bus #12) I calculated the vector. So, over Beachy Head and the geological gullies of Birling Gap and Cuckmere Haven, I followed my beenomial theorem. The graph led us to Sherlock's favorite own pub, The Tiger, in East Dean; thence up the rugged hill to the gloriously ancient church of Friston, with its dew-pond and circuit of tank traps. The cottage (we photographed it) isn't far away; but I hope I'm as discreet as Mrs.

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Hudson. It has a pinewood windbreak to shelter the bees. I think of it as I thought fifty years ago of the Virgilian motto at McCoy Hall in Baltimore: *Sic Vos Non Vobis.* No one maybe since Dr. Gildersleeve has thought of that so sentimentally as I.

You'd be surprised to learn how much leeway, or drift, a nectar-heavy bee can sag in climbing those Downs—he better pause (and usually does) at the golf club, half way the rump of Beachy Head, where George Gissing was snowed under in a winter walk, February 1888. Eastbourne, gay and trimly dight beneath the great amphitheatre of hills, must be a God-rest-you-merry place of pause for Christmas when the line of the Downs, "so noble and so bare," is white with snow. I hope the great buses halt at the brow to hear chimes rising. Here in Salamis we can also (when the plumbing doesn't murmur too loud) hear church bells in the valley below; they lose all sectarian timbre and catch pure Wordsworthian music of dissent.

BUT I've delayed too long to mention my best of routineering. As we take our vacation always in late autumn (leaving after the September 15 income taxes, returning in time to pay December local dittoes) I have always, these weeks before Christmas, a crate of second-class mail to brood. But specially (and it grieves me to think how few enjoy them as I do) the autumn crop of lists from second-hand booksellers. The grievance of my time of life is the sudden awareness of doom that strikes say about 2 a.m., then the plumber's damnable diapason rustles loudest in chateau Shabby, then the breath comes briefest and trial spears of pain shoot sharpest in the innocent lobes of the brainy sponge. Mind and heart, or is it that mysterious sweetbread called pancreas, are hostile to sleep. (No wonder Shakespeare praised sleep so highly. I hope he had plenty, but I doubt it.) Then even my tested darlings (Gissing, Merrick, O. Henry) make me only more and more nervous. But always, while cocoa is heating, ready are the strong heaps of book catalogues. I have boxes and boxes of them; haven't even gone through 1951 and 1952 yet. But here (and Goodspeed's of Boston will know I'm quoting their *Flying Quill*) I find old Toplady, the coxcomb who wrote "Rock of Ages." In 1777 he wrote from Knightsbridge to a young lady in Soho "in reply to her naive theological wonderings":

> I am most deeply & clearly convinced that the saints in glory know each other . . . it seems impossible that the unfallen Angels, who have lived together in Heaven, shd not be perfectly acquainted.

My "Saints in Glory," who have seen me through so many hours either boredom or bankrupt, I like to believe with The Rev Gus, assemble toward Christmas; they chaw me special bacon (leaner than you ever get from Long Island supermarkets). Can't you imagine even Rudyard Kipling and Hilaire Belloc, who both loved Sussex so much they wouldn't speak to each other, coming round into the same corner of the sheepfold. Or I can hear Gissing and O. Henry ribbing each other; and arguing whether one was luckier than the other. O. Henry's stuff, so stupidly attempted to be preserved *en masse;* and Gissing's short stories (so much better than his dour novels) quite lost and forgotten. I couldn't help telling George (when I saw him halfway uphill in the snowdrift) how I had compiled a volume of chosen short stories (from the three or four posthume collections of same) and begged a preface from one of the most sensitive New York booksellers. But all that Lawrence Gomme really remembered was how he and other children happened to live next door in Surrey, and had pelted G.G. with conkers and pebbles as the poor bloke

---

SINCE 1912, when his first book, a novel called "The Eighth Sin," appeared, Christopher Morley has authored, co-authored, and edited over fifty books of poetry, fiction, autobiography, essays, and drama. His work has been called excellent, bad, owlish, crabbed, whimsical, fantastical, and inscrutable. He has been described as an esthete, a bibliophile, an iconoclast, a belletrist, and an Anglo-literophile.

He regards himself primarily as a poet who was overpraised in his early career and underpraised in his maturity. Now, aged sixty-three, he can take pride in the fact of a select literary following that has remained loyal to him for more than thirty years. He is a book enthusiast, whose own book manuscripts have long been collector's items.

Some of these were written "in between," as it were, for after graduation from Haverford College, Phi Beta Kappa, and Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar, he worked as an editor of Doubleday, Page, through which he came to know and admire Conrad. After that there were jobs on *The Ladies' Home Journal, The Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger,* and in 1920 *The New York Evening Post,* where he worked with Amy Loveman, William Rose Benét, and Henry Seidel Canby on that paper's weekly *Literary Review.* Those were gladsome days after World War I, and Morley contributed more than his share of the jollity by turning out puns by the hamperful, filling his office with boisterous sea-faring men, and planting rhubarb beds in the spring in St. Paul's churchyard, where he also led an annual pilgrimage to the grave of the *Post*'s founder, Alexander Hamilton. Then in 1924, with Loveman, Benét, and Canby, he moved to an old brewery on East 39th Street, and *The Saturday Review of Literature,* price ten cents, was born.

Morley took his column, THE BOWLING GREEN, with him. It appeared weekly in *SRL* and was read widely, somewhat as E. B. White is today, with affection and admiration. Another column, TRADE WINDS, soon appeared over the signature of one P. E. G. Quercus. Through these columns, as well as his reviews and articles, he plumped Melville, Whitman, and Conrad long before the New Critics discovered them. In the meantime there was his founding of the Baker Street Irregulars and the Three Hour Luncheon Club. There was the Hoboken Theatrical Company, which caused plenty of excitement in the Twenties. And there were lean times, too, when Morley sold his manuscripts to his friend Isaac Mendoza, a bookseller on Ann Street.

In 1941 he retired as a contributing editor of *SRL.* Since then he has done some radio work, spent a lot of time in England with Lamb and Hazlitt, continued as a judge of the Book-of-the-Month Club, written a good deal of fiction, poetry, and essays. He is still spreading his special brand of robust nineteenth-century bookishness, and he is still experimenting, both with his style and subject matter. You have to stay young to do that.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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paced the garden path, brooding his sentimental Ryecroft.

Kipling of course, was chafing Will Porter (O. Henry to him) for assuming (since Porter knew only river steamers) that the *Kaiser Wilhelm* (NDL) had paddle-wheels ("Past One at Rooney's"). Also, said Rud, the horrible stumer that O. Henry made in assuming that all triangles were either right or equilateral. Hell, cried Rudyard, you never heard of scalene? No, admitted O.H., always in his soft Ca'lina dialect, Miss Lina didn't tell me. But how the hell did *you* write anything so terrible as "Brugglesmith"? Then I think Uncle Rud fell upon poor Merrick for not knowing what was a taffrail, and O. Henry was sore at Merrick for ribbing Duluth ("One Man's View," 1897). Gissing also said Merrick had been unfair to Eastbourne, both in its own name and as "Sweetbay" in so many theatre stories. But Merrick, always agile, said that (1) *The New Yorker* had imitated him in that, and (2) as for his best known book, most people thought it had been written by Conrad.

Likewise, Merrick added, that Christmas lunch in the first chapter of "The Actor Manager" is gloomy enough for even you, George. Saints in Glory can get savage when they discuss each other's Christmas stories. Remembering the outcry when I had proclaimed Watson's "Blue Carbuncle" better than Dickens's "Carol" (never really whooped up except by saccharinists like FDR) I snowslid down the eastward scarp of Beachy Head. That southernmost breakage of Britain's geology makes me nervous. Wives, daughters, and even strangers love to go much too near the terrifying cliff, which is plainly fissionable. As they say in Britain, it's too close to the knuckle. Maybe that is where the hambone of literature is sweetest?

I remember the young woman who bought a fashionable headgear which was labeled Luxurious Leopard. But when she asked the honorable salesmiss, "Is this really leopard?" the sprite replied, "That's the trade name. Ackshully, it's stenciled rabbit."

I rather enjoy Stenciled Rabbit in my late-at-night Christmas Reading. Beautiful, when you read them again, the curious rhythm of surrealism that enchants you. For instance, how few of O. Henry's New York stories suggest it; they are likely to be impacted with twinges of time and topic, with the coarse slang of Park Row. This was [illegible] Davis, Hall and [illegible] story [illegible] their readers wanted. How [illegible] was to [illegible] him *in toto*, in two gravid volumes. One quarter of the weight would have been quantum suff. They did the same with Rudyard; they always will; as they did with Chaucer, and Dante, and Shakespeare; even, when his time came, with Willie Maugham. So, and no wonder, publishers thought of the South Downs as sheep ranges. O. Henry might have had something to say about that. The southdown sheep, with their black stockings, have been replaced by crocodiles of little girls, longlegged in black wrinkles, from Bathhouse to Broodhouse.

THESE (*I realize now, when the first* snow is impending over the immortal Downs) were autumn thoughts, begotten and beguiled in the dangerous kindness of shriveling sunshine. We learn beauty most sharply in our own acids of decay, when the sky (with the keen detachment of a grandparent) watches the children's frolic before bedtime. I'm not quite sure now, were we talking of bees, or sheep, or stenciled rabbits? I know that in late sunlight, in the dearth of philosophical pessimists. I think of George Gissing. He is at this moment (here is the News Angle) being remembered in his birthplace (Wakefield, Yorkshire) by a public-library exhibit. He shines for me with a grim metalic luster. His personal infelicities have been hidden with more than British tightness of lip. How astonished the boys of Yale would be to learn that they are inheritors (from George Matthew Adams) of the most complete and dour collection. Or did Mr. Adams give these books and MSS to Dartmouth? I grieve to say, I just don't remember. Equally I disremember some of Leonard Merrick's glories of untimeliness. He had a marvelous success in the Tauchnitz editions, about fifteen volumes I should guess. Continental readers were specially pleased by his oddly prim old-bachelor-spinster sense of scandal; it is only equaled by *Life* magazine's gusto for pelvic cheesecake. And he never guessed (I know, because I asked

(*Continued on page* 39)

Dusk in the North Wing of a College Library

By Christopher Morley

SWIFT as the twilight bird
Tunnels in privet blossom,
Straight as the homesick word
Into the middle bosom,

These, unerring, steered
Weaving the sweethour's music;
Words and wings endeared
Became the English Basic.

Trill the lawnmower snores,
Lazy the sunlight westers
Slow as cricketing scores
In Hampshires or in Leicesters—

But all I only crave
When greens are shadow-slanted
Is talk beyond the grave,
Unearthly and enchanted.

I have abandoned me,
But here, in printed musk
Unblemished prosody
Divisioned in the dusk.

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All This and the Sitwells, Too

SR's annual summing-up of the year in books is the work this year of the literary editor of The Providence Journal.

By Maurice Dolbier

IN A previous incarnation as a radio editor I found that the annual summing-up of broadcasting activities was simplicity itself. Year after year programs got worse. The trend was always downward. Books are different cattle. For how can one say that a year that saw the publication of the Holmes-Laski letters was a better or worse year than one that saw the publication of Judge Learned Hand's papers? Or that a year in which there were several books about experiences under the sea was better or worse than a year in which there were several books about experiences on the sea? One can't diagnose a trend from the fact that the two most talked-about books in 1953 both dealt with the sexual behavior of the human female, because public interest in this subject is a constant and not a variable.

The trends in 1953's book world were to be found not in the books themselves, but in their publishers and their public: the leaps-and-bounds success story of inexpensive reprints and of paperback originals (which this year were accorded more and more space in the book-review pages and supplements); the brave appearance of the new Anchor line, with such authors as Ernst Cassirer, André Gide, Edmund Wilson, and G. M. Trevelyan; the stunning sales-record of the paperbound edition of "From Here to Eternity"—more people reading more books. And more people trying to prevent more people from reading more books: the growing shadow of local censorship all across the nation, and the growing fear that these sporadic manifestations were only part of a much greater menace to the freedoms that we, as individuals and citizens, have come to take so much for granted.

Norman Cousins this year chose as the title for his political travelogue "Who Speaks for Man?" In literature the strongest, if not the clearest, spokesman for Man in 1953 was a Frenchman. Other clear and bold voices were heard from England, from Greece, from South Africa. The United States was not silent, but the voice that could be heard most plainly (if there were any listeners) was not that of a man who lives and faces the crises of today, but of an associate justice of the Supreme Court who died in 1932.

Neither Justice Holmes nor André Malraux offer comforting views as to Man's importance in the cosmic order, or even as to the orderliness of the cosmos. To the author of "The Voices of Silence" Man is icily repudiated by the stars; to the Justice Man is a spark that feels isolated and independent but really is only a moment in a current. But Malraux is proud of Man as a creator and a rebel against fate; and the ideas that crowd the pages of the two volumes of the Holmes-Laski correspondence are, to minds made dull by dogmatisms, as bracing as electric shocks. (Some of the shocks may not be pleasant to those who have placed Holmes as a god in the liberal pantheon, for Holmes was positively Roman in his conservatism. Still, one wonders how many conservatives today would welcome and strengthen friendship with a man as radical as Harold Laski, and would keep—instead of burn—such an exchange of letters?)

In the United States the voice of a great dissenter still echoes from the past; in France the Manifesto of a rebellious new humanism appears; in Greece a peasant named Zorba speaks and acts like an independent man, an enlightened Sancho Panza; in England two great historians, Arnold Toynbee and Herbert Butterfield, place the world crisis in a Christian perspective (and are transatlantically accused of presenting "an insidious new British intellectual line"); in South Africa, where all the great unresolved and seemingly insoluble problems of the world seem to be concentrating, a new young writer faces up to them in a novel that combines undeviating honesty of mind and a Dickensian delight in exploring the metaphorical resources of the English language (Nadine Gordimer's "The Lying Days," which, following "Too Late the Phalarope," made Mr. Paton's book seem too cautiously indirect in approach and contrived in treatment).

THE "ism" which in this country is making dissent dangerous, weakening humanism, discouraging independent thought and speech, putting the world crisis in a perspective of demagogic politics, and suggesting disastrously simple solutions to difficult problems—I avoid giving it a name, lest someone should demand that *The Saturday Review* provide equal space for a reply—this "ism," which was clangorously present in 1953's newspapers, went almost unmentioned in 1953's books, for reasons that I don't pretend to guess. James Wechsler, who had encountered it face-to-face, was one of the few writers who described its nature and its potentialities on the national scene, while Edward W. Barrett, in "Truth Is a Weapon," and Theodore H. White, in the closing pages of his brilliant survey of postwar Europe, "Fire in the Ashes," described its damaging effects on America's international leadership. Fiction, however, with one exception (a rather poorly-written melodrama by the actress Ruth Chatterton), left it severely alone.

In a year when "The Power of Positive Thinking" remained high on the best-seller lists it had entered in 1952 it's a pity that someone didn't test the power of an eloquently forceful negative. Still, one shouldn't overlook the gust of raucous laughter from the swamps around Lake Okeechobee. Who can say whether some wind wasn't taken out of the piratical sails when, in Walt Kelly's "The Pogo Papers," Simple J. Malarkey made his first appearance at a meeting of the Bird Watchers?

Three of the most important international events of the year—the end of a war, the death of a dictator, the crowning of a queen—brought additions to the book supply. One of the

(*Continued on page* 37)

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The Year's Best

THIS last week of the year, when men traditionally total up their accounts for the preceding twelvemonth, *SR* joins in the spirit of the season by asking a number of men and women who closely follow developments in literature to name the books they consider 1953's best in fiction, poetry, and the general fields. The fifty men and women who responded to our invitation are listed in the columns below and to the right. The books they nominated are listed alphabetically, but for those who see a significance in numbers a few statistics will be of interest. In the fiction field "Too Late the Phalarope," by Alan Paton, was named ten times and "The Adventures of Augie March," by Saul Bellow, seven times. In the poetry field "The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas" and "The Collected Poems of Conrad Aiken" were each nominated seven times. In the general field "The Spirit of St. Louis," by Charles A. Lindbergh, received eight nominations, while "The Voices of Silence," by André Malraux, received six.—R. W., Jr.

POETRY

BROTHER TO DRAGONS. By Robert Penn Warren. (Random House) Barkham, Kogan, *O'Neill, Tinkle.*

COLLECTED POEMS. By Conrad Aiken. (Oxford University Press) Bradley, Cross, Rothermel, Yeiser, *Scott, Untermeyer, Williams.*

COLLECTED POEMS. By Edwin Muir. (Grove) Dolbier, *Gregory.*

COLLECTED POEMS. By Dylan Thomas. (New Directions) Cady, Emmart, Little, McAnis, Rogers, J. Sherman, Smith.

THE LAND OF SILENCE. By May Sarton. (Rinehart) Hass.

THE OLD BATEAU and Other Poems. By David McCord. (Little, Brown) Shockley.

POEMS, 1940-53. By Karl Shapiro. (Random) Wyllie.

THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM and Other Poems. By Ogden Nash. (Little, Brown) Flowers.

SPRING BIRTH and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. (Holt) Paulus, Snadjr.

UNDERCLIFF. By Richard Eberhart. (Oxford University Press) *Glicksberg.*

THE WAKING. By Theodore Roethke. (Doubleday) Bond.

GENERAL

ANNAPURNA. By Maurice Herzog. (Dutton) Cady.

CONVERSATION WITH THE EARTH. By Hans Cloos. (Knopf) *Carson.*

CREATIVE INTUITION IN ART AND POETRY. By Jacques Maritain. (Pantheon) Emmart.

(*Continued on page* 36)

THE TWENTY-NINE NEWSPAPER REVIEWERS who participated in this poll are:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald Tribune*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
OLIVE DEAN HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
JOHN McANIS, *Detroit News*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
JOHN D. PAULUS, *Pittsburgh Press*
W. G. ROGERS, *Associated Press*
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNADJR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

THE SPECIALISTS who nominated books in fiction are:

MALCOLM COWLEY, *literary critic.*
MAXWELL GEISMAR, *critic and author of "Rebels and Ancestors."*
WALTER HAVIGHURST, *professor of English at Miami University, Ohio.*
ALFRED KAZIN, *author of "On Native Grounds."*
RAY B. WEST, JR., *editor of The Western Review.*

THE SPECIALISTS who nominated books of verse are:

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG, *professor of English at Brooklyn College.*
HORACE GREGORY, *lecturer on poetry at Sarah Lawrence College and author of several volumes of verse.*
W. T. SCOTT, *former book review editor of the Providence Journal and author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*
LOUIS UNTERMEYER, *editor and author of many volumes of verse.*
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, *author and winner of the National Book Award for Poetry, 1949.*

THE SPECIALISTS who nominated books in the general fields are:

RACHEL CARSON, *author of "The Sea Around Us."*
GORDON K. CHALMERS, *president of Kenyon College.*
IRWIN EDMAN, *professor of philosophy at Columbia University.*
JOHN D. HICKS, *Morison professor of history at the University of California.*
WILLIAM L. LAURENCE, *science writer for The New York Times.*
SAMUEL LUBELL, *political writer, author of "The Future of American Politics."*
DEXTER PERKINS, *professor of history at the University of Rochester.*
JAMES RESTON, *chief of Washington bureau, New York Times.*
HARRY L. SHAPIRO, *chairman of department of anthropology, American Musuem of Natural History.*
EDMUND WILSON, *literary critic.*
C. VANN WOODWARD, *professor of history at Johns Hopkins University.*

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Plainsmen Without Makeup

The Old West of fact was every bit as fascinating as the stereotyped West found between the covers of novels and on movie and television screens. Seth Agnew here discusses five new books that present honest pictures of the West that really existed.

By Seth Agnew

THE old West—the cowboys, the Indians, the badmen, the Army outposts, the rip-roaring frontier towns—is today staple adventure-fiction fare. But there is quite a lot about the West which is often overlooked by the television screen and the movies and the more stereotyped Western novels. To be sure, there were romance and excitement and adventure in the settlement of the West, but there were also hardship and deprivation and monotonous, humdrum hard work.

While there were range wars and rustlers and range-land justice meted out to miscreants, there were days and months and years when the cowboy just tended cattle—not that tending cattle was without hazards and excitement, but being gored by a steer, while it may be just as fatal as being shot in a gun battle, is not so colorful. While the early frontier towns may have been wide open, with gamblers and fancy-women and free-flowing liquor, the citizenry had more trouble clearing their streets of garbage and offal and securing a good water supply than they did in enforcing law and order. While the clearing of the Great Plains of Indians was marked by bloodshed and cruelty and treachery, it is not wholly true that it took a bullet in the brain to make a "good Injun" nor that the Indians had a monopoly on treachery and bloodshed and cruelty.

Five books have come my way which deal with the realities of Western settlement, realities which add to the excitement of the story by taking it out of never-never land and into the realm of credibility.

The first of these is the reminiscences of an artist-turned-cowboy, Ross Santee (not really a cowboy at this time; as a friend explained, "Hell, no! He ain't nothin' but the horse wrangler"). In **"Lost Pony Tracks"** (Scribner, $3.95) Mr. Santee tells of going to Arizona a few years before the First World War and signing on with a cattle outfit. As a newcomer, he started at the bottom, looking after the horses. He had his problems: learning to rope, to handle a pack train, to work cattle, to read brands, to get along with Ol' Slick and Greasy, the roundup cook. But in time he made a hand.

Twentieth-century "progress" had more or less come to the range even in Mr. Santee's day, but the cowboy still rode his bronc and choused the cattle in the old way. Mr. Santee writes of the bad times in the cowboy's life, of floods and stampedes and mending fences; of the good times, too, of cowboy sports and riding contests, of Saturday night dances, of elaborate practical jokes and tall stories. He tells of the men he met and knew, of the outfits he worked for. And out of the telling comes not only the character of the cowboy and the range hand, but also something of the personalities of the horses and cattle.

Mr. Santee writes with vividness and good humor of these men—and himself—doing a job, just an ordinary job, with hardly a drawn gun and nary a chase after the badmen. And for extra measure there are his drawings of cow country, of cow horses, and of the men who ride them.

There were, however, badmen in the West back in the days when law and order was more of a theory than a fact. Out in Montana in the 1860's fabulous mining strikes made boom towns over night. To one of these boom towns, Bannack, came Henry Plummer with a decade of disorderly (and dishonest) conduct behind him. In 1863, a year after Plummer's arrival, Professor Thomas J. Dimsdale, an Englishman, arrived in Virginia City, sister town to Bannack. Plummer had set himself up as sheriff of the two towns and also as leader of the local group of road agents and cutthroats, an arrangement which was entirely satisfactory to himself and his confederates, but which ultimately resulted in the formation of a vigilance committee by his victimized fellow citizens. Dimsdale, now teacher at Virginia City's school, watched the vigilance committee deal with Sheriff Plummer and his gang and recorded a play-by-play (or hanging-by-hanging) account in **"The Vigilantes of Montana"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $12).

THE vigilantes had opened their crusade against crime in Virginia City by summarily hanging one George Ives, bandit and murderer, an associate of Plummer's. Encouraged by Virginia City's action, other towns set up vigilance committees to war against the badmen. Next the vigilantes gathered up Plummer and his gang and hanged them, too. For the next three years, until a more

Confederate charge at Kelly's Ford, Virginia (1863)—"no monopoly on treachery."

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conventional law-enforcement system took over, the citizen-members of the vigilantes kept their part of the territory reasonably free of crime by dealing out the same treatment to recognized and potential malefactors.

Here one might expect to have the exciting chase scenes so dear to the heart of Hollywood. But it is one of the fascinating parts of Professor Dimsdale's account that there seems to have been little of the sort. To be sure, the vigilantes did sometimes ride quite a distance to round up a culprit, but for the most part the desperadoes came quietly. Few of them attempted to "smoke it out" with the committee. Many simply left the territory, convinced that they were no match for the vigilantes.

"The Vigilantes of Montana" is the first volume of The Western Frontier Library, a new series from the University of Oklahoma Press, to include such books as "The Authentic Life of Billy The Kid," by Pat F. Garrett (the sheriff who finally cornered and killed the outlaw), and "Life in the Far West," by George F. Ruxton, as well as other books long out of print and unavailable. Dimsdale's book is a good beginning for the series and amply bears out the publisher's claims for "the freshness and veracity of such near-classic volumes," not the least part of the freshness of which is the two-dollar price.

The conquest of the West from the Indians and the subjugation of the Plains tribes is not among the more savory chapters in American history. From the 1860's onwards the white men poured in increasing numbers into the Indian hunting grounds. The Indians, not unnaturally, resisted, and it fell to the lot of the Army to drive them out of their lands and into reservations—and often, in turn, out of those reservations and into less desirable land. Out of the bitter warfare which the Indians waged against this treatment, not the less heroic because it was hopeless, have come stories of courage and bravery on both sides.

"Fighting Indian Warriors," by E. A. Brininstool (Stackpole, $5), recounts some of the incidents of this bloody warfare and tells of some of the people who played a part in it. Mr. Brininstool over the years has got from various survivors of the Indian wars their recollections of such stirring battles and skirmishes as the Buffalo Wallow fight, where in 1874 four soldiers and two scouts stood off over a hundred Kiowas and Comanches for a whole day; and the Wagon-box fight near Fort Phil Kearny, Wyoming, in 1867, when a single company stood off Red Cloud and his Sioux warriors.

—*Illustrations from "The Story of the U. S. Cavalry (Little, Brown).*

"A Fight for Water"—"not the less heroic because it was hopeless."

Here, too, are reports by people who knew them of Jim Bridger, Calamity Jane, and Little Bat. For good measure, Mr. Brininstool has added other accounts about the Pony Express, the battle at Wounded Knee, and Bent's Old Fort. It is unfortunate that so potentially good a book should be so badly written, for Mr. Brininstool has a fancy way of writing which nearly offsets a reader's interest in what he is writing about. And, while it is true that most of the reminiscences which he has included were written many years after the event, they still have an authority and ring to them which secondary tellings often lack.

MOST accounts of the Indian are the white man's, and his reports are too often unfavorable. Yet Indian culture and civilization were in many respects highly developed; in other ways, such as mechanically, he fell behind the white man. Had the Indian's technology equaled the white's he would not always have had to fight with the inferior weapons he could capture from his enemy and Plains warfare might have had a far different outcome.

But, although the Plains Indian was, to the white way of thinking, primitive, though his approach to life may have been different, it would be a mistake to subscribe to the theory held by many contemporary white men that to be different was to be inferior. Although it is perhaps of greatest interest to students of ethnology and comparative religion, **"The Sacred Pipe,"** by James Epes Brown (University of Oklahoma Press, $3), a volume in the scholarly Civilization of the American Indian Series, can offer much to the general reader.

This is a faithful transcription by Mr. Brown of the words of Black Elk, the last of the Sioux holy men to know his tribes' religious rites, together with their history and significance. Black Elk, who died only a few years ago, was an Oglala Sioux, one of the last tribes to be subdued. Black Elk himself was present at the Little Big Horn

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when Custer was disastrously defeated; Crazy Horse, the chieftain-priest of the Sioux who presided over the slaughter of Custer's men, was Black Elk's cousin. In 1947 and 1948 Mr. Brown lived with Black Elk on the reservation, and the holy man, in order to preserve the Siouan rites both for the whites and for his own people, told him all he knew of the rites.

WHILE the rituals he describes are complex and stylized, the meaning behind them and their significance shows how far advanced was Indian religious culture and ethic. Nature-worship was certainly the basis of their religion, but underlying it was the realization that the Great Spirit was all-encompassing, embracing not only the manifestations of nature but also man and his ways. Strange and barbaric though the rites may seem, beneath them is a philosophy not too far removed from that of the white men who have made them fall into disuse.

It is only a little more than 100 years ago that the Army established a fort on the West Fork of the Trinity River in Texas. This fort was a part of a chain of defensive stations which were set up to protect the settlers against marauding Indians. Here on the Trinity a rather meager force of one officer and forty-two enlisted men were supposed to protect the towns of Dallas and Birdville, as well as flourishing Denton County and the prosperous country to the south. Originally established on the river-bottom, the fort was soon moved to the top of the bluff; on this new site the little fort developed into the modern metropolis of Forth Worth.

"Fort Worth, Outpost on the Trinity," by Oliver Knight (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.75), tells the story of this development. Drawing on recollections of early settlers, on Federal, state, county, and city archives, on newspaper stories of the time, he tells of the heroism and determination and optimism and even occasional chicanery with which the citizens built the marketing and industrial city of today.

Originally a series of newspaper articles for the centenary of the city, now expanded into a book, a great deal of it is concerned with the details of its growth, with the names of people and businesses, as properly it should be. But there is another story here, the story of how a city is born and grows up. More especially it is a story of how a Western city developed —first immigration, then cattle (Fort Worth has long been a center of Texas cattle enterprises), railroads, oil, and now, even today, industrialization.

—*Culver.*

"Big Bill" and Mrs.—"a buffoon."

George V's Challenger

"Big Bill of Chicago," by Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan *(Bobbs-Merrill. 384 pp. $4), is a biography of the Windy City's mayor of the Twenties, who once offered to give King George V "a punch in the snoot." Below it is reviewed by Harold F. Gosnell, for many years a political scientist on the faculty of the University of Chicago, who is the author of "Machine Politics," "Getting Out the Vote," and other books.*

By Harold F. Gosnell

LLOYD WENDT and Herman Kogan's new biography of the late Mayor William Hale Thompson, "Big Bill of Chicago," is a fascinating account of an astounding epoch in the second largest city of the United States. They have caught the flavor of the political speeches to which Chicago voters were exposed from 1902 to 1936. The language is not edifying. Thompson was a clown who had no equal in the use of gutterlike terms. When his opponents tried to outdo him in outlandish language and antics the result was incredible. The authors have also described in detail some elements in the political machine that Thompson's supporters put together. The careful planning of "Poor Swede" Lundin, the organization work of some of Thompson's other friends, and the appeals to minority groups are faithfully described. The reader likewise gets a view of the kaleidoscopic changes in Republican factional politics. Never did the saying "Politics makes strange bedfellows" fit more neatly than here. Nor has the relationship between crime and politics been more clearly etched than in Chicago. Indeed, parts of the book resemble "Chicago Confidential."

From the analytical point of view, however, the book leaves more to be desired. Thompsonism cannot be explained in terms of bizarre campaign methods, pledge cards, and the alliance between crime and politics. Thompson's first election as mayor of Chicago in 1915 was accomplished without the voters realizing what type of administrator he would prove, but his reelections in 1919 and 1927 were brought about in spite of the evidence piled up that he was a spoilsman, an inefficient administrator, and a buffoon who dragged the city's reputation in the dirt. The authors offer no good explanation for these successes. They do not discuss the callousness of the prosperity period, the cynicism of the utility barons, the unworkability of prohibition, the difficult assimilation process which certain minority groups were undergoing, the loss of civic-minded persons who moved from the central city to the suburbs, and other possible explanations. Similarly, they fail to discuss the relationship between the defeat of Thompson in 1931 and such factors as the Depression, the general swing against Republicanism, the power and character of the Democratic Party organization, and the moral awakening of Chicago. They do not do the job that a Sam Lubell might have done on the rank-and-file voters and why they supported such a candidate.

The authors also leave out some details which might make the picture more complete. Curiously, they fail to mention Professor Charles E. Merriam's nearly successful campaign for mayor of Chicago in 1911, although they referred to it in their earlier book on Chicago politics, "Lords of the Levee." If Merriam had been elected in that year there would have been no Thompsonism. The authors give only a sketchy account of how Thompson's character developed. We should know more about his early life, about his mother's influence on his character, about the reasons for his lack of interest in education, and about the influence of women generally upon his behavior.

The authors have presented their facts as Chicago journalists who did not travel about in other cities. Thompson is not compared with other mayors of large American cities. Such an analysis might show that the Chicago mayor was a freak.

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—By Robert Lawson, for "Watchwords of Freedom."

Bars, Stars and Cowcatchers

"Victory Rode the Rails," by George Edgar Turner *(Bobbs-Merrill. 419 pp. $4.50), is a new addition to the ever-lengthening shelf of books about the Civil War—this one about the part played in the conflict by the railroads. Stanley F. Horn, who reviews it below, is editor of* The Southern Lumberman, *and author of a number of volumes on the War, including "The Army of Tennessee."*

By Stanley F. Horn

"LOGISTICS" was a word which did not figure prominently in the vocabularies of the civil and military leaders of the War Between the States, but the problems involved in the movement of troops and their supplies were just as important then as in all subsequent and previous wars. It happened that this was the first large-scale war in history in which the railroads were available for the transportation of men and matériel, and the leaders on both sides had no precedent to guide them in the effective use of this wonderful new auxiliary. They learned rapidly, however, and modern historians show an increasing inclination to recognize the vitally important part played by the railroads in the waging of the war.

To the Confederates went the distinction of first using the iron horse for strategic purposes. As early as April 18, 1861 Virginia militiamen were moved by rail through Manassas Junction and Strasburg in a quick thrust to seize Harper's Ferry. Those who observed this movement, George Edgar Turner writes in "Victory Rode the Rails," "were not aware that on this April morning they were witnessing the tactical use of a machine which was to work a greater change in warfare and its methods than had been wrought by any other instrument since the invention of gunpowder. . . . Now that war was certain no prophetic vision was required to anticipate the clash of foot soldiers, the wildly galloping horse, or the blast of the blazing gun on wheels. For more than a century these had been the things with which war was waged. What no man foresaw was how the use of these familiar devices was to be revolutionized by the introduction of an implement utterly new to warfare, the locomotive."

On the Union side General McClellan (himself a railroad man by prewar experience) was quick to recognize the potentialities of this new instrument. "It can not be ignored," he wrote President Lincoln in July 1861, "that the construction of railroads has introduced a new and very important element into war by the great facilities thus given for concentrating at particular positions large masses of troops from remote sections and by creating new strategic points and lines of operations." Gifted with similar prescience, General Robert E. Lee had written to the Confederate commander in Western Virginia: "The rupture of the [Baltimore & Ohio] railroad at Cheat River would be worth to us an army." And the world saw its first tactical use of railway facilities in actual combat when the army of General Joseph E. Johnston arrived on the Bull Run battlefield at First Manassas in time to reinforce General Beauregard and send McDowell's bluecoats reeling back to Washington in shattered panic.

AS SOON as the tremendous military importance of the railroads was recognized it was easy to see that the advantage in their effective use lay preponderantly with the North. The North had more railroads, more know-how, more equipment, and more facilities for manufacturing new equipment to replace that which was worn out or destroyed. Moreover, the Northern authorities soon recognized the desirability of centralized management of the railroads, and they were fortunate enough to have a railroad construction and management genius in the person of Herman Haupt to place in charge. The South, on the other hand, had fewer trunk-lines, inadequate and inferior equipment and supplies, and practically no available facilities for producing new locomotives, track, etc. Furthermore, the Confederate Congress was slow to recognize the necessity for the maintenance and efficient use of such railroad facilities as they had, and deterioration was steady and rapid.

Nevertheless, the Confederacy did on occasion make brilliant use of the rail lines for the movement of large masses of troops. Aside from Johnston's quick shift to the Manassas battlefield, there was Bragg's spectacular campaign of the Army of Tennessee from Corinth in Mississippi (by the railroads running through Mobile and Chattanooga) to the environs of Louisville in Kentucky—the longest movement of any single army in the whole course of the war. Then there was the successful reinforcement of Bragg at Chickamauga with Longstreet's corps from Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. "Not in magnitude or in speed but in sheer stubborn accomplishment of so much with so little," says Mr. Turner, this was "the outstanding operational feat of the Confederate railroads during the war." On the other hand, later in this same campaign the Federals countered with an equally brilliant move —the transfer of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps under Hooker from Virginia to the relief of the beleaguered Union army in Chattanooga. Mr. Turner describes this movement as "an amazing new world's record in military transportation" and an "unparalleled military feat," and these are not terms of exaggeration.

Various factors contributed to the ultimate defeat of the Confederates, but the disintegration and collapse of the railroads was prominent among them. "For the ragged men in gray there was food in plenty," Mr. Turner sums it up succinctly, "but the withering arm of transportation daily grew less able to reach it and carry it to their hungry mouths." It is a significant fact that Lee's surrender to Grant was the immediate result not of a decisive pitched battle but of the failure of a rations-loaded Confederate train to arrive at Amelia Courthouse. Victory did indeed ride the rails.

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Themes Controlling Time's Tale

Samuel Eliot Morison's "By Land and by Sea" *(Alfred A. Knopf. 559 pp. $5) is a collection of essays and addresses on historical, literary, and nautical topics by the distinguished Harvard professor of history. Fred Cole, our reviewer, is dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Tulane and associate editor of* The Mississippi Valley Historical Review.

By Fred Cole

SAMUEL E. MORISON intends, he makes clear in a new collection of essays, "By Land and by Sea," that we shall know what is important and positive about the history of this country. He is proud of our heritage as a whole, but he believes that certain developments, because they have fitted the democratic pattern, deserve more attention than others. He suggests that more emphasis has been placed upon "the Jefferson-Jackson-Franklin D. Roosevelt line" than is healthy for American historiography; however, he leaves to others the unwanted task of attenuating that emphasis. His New England background is reflected in his extensive treatment of the interests of that region, and his love of the sea is evident.

The first of the fifteen pieces in the volume is a "Prologue to American History," which gives the course of American history to 1921. Presented as an address to an Oxonian audience, Dr. Morison emphasizes our democratic tradition and suggests that the United States had found it appropriate to bear to the right in governmental matters while England had been bearing to the left. He indicates that the common course of the two countries in the future should lead ultimately to a union that he would welcome.

The remainder of the volume is divided into four sections: "Maritime," "Biographical," "Saints, Scholars, and Sinners," and "History and Historians." In the first section Rear Admiral Morison discusses ships and skippers, commerce and tradesmen. The lines of the clipper ships and the spirit of the seamen who manned them brought a period of American leadership upon the seas—and this was good. He brings us to the contemporary period with his "Letters on the Harvard Columbus Expedition," a piece which bears out his advice to historians that they should know people and the terrain about which they write. "Historical Notes on the Gilbert and Marshall Islands" is informative.

The biographical essays and addresses follow only in part the "great man" thesis that Professor Morison likes. With utmost seriousness, Washington is presented as an eighteenth-century stoic, disciplined in this philosophy by the Fairfaxes, especially Sally, and otherwise by the wilderness, the elements, horses, and himself. The influence of stoicism was news to me, but if Sally had it I am not surprised. If horses can have as much significance in disciplining men as Mr. Morison indicates something went awry in the part of the country whence I came.

Elbridge Gerry was out of place in his region at the time he lived. He is made more praiseworthy, perhaps, because he was a gentleman and a Democrat than if he had been merely a gentleman or a Democrat or, especially, a democrat. "Squire Ames and Dr. Ames" was written, the author says, to "poke fun" at "deterministic historians" who are "fond of explaining persons and ideas by material things such as background, education, and class interests." The point is made in the piece so subtly that I should have missed it had I skipped the introductory note. This lack of perception may have resulted, in part at least, from the consideration given to the background, education, and class-interests of young man Washington. "John Adams and Thomas Jefferson" is a superior after-dinner speech.

—Boris.

S. E. Morison—"the 'great-man' thesis."

Saints—Pilgrim fathers are assured of their proper place in history by their "faith in God that exalted them and their small enterprise to something of lasting value and enduring interest." That God took care of Miles Standish and seven other Pilgrims while they murdered three out of four Indians is a case in point. *Scholars*—The tradition of Harvard as a free university is treated with a fondness and a sensitiveness that only a Harvard man can feel and present. *Sinners*—"The Henry-Crillon Affair of 1812" is a significant exercise in historical detective work which results in a comic-opera spy story; the country lost $50,000 and the President a good share of his Presidential prestige.

IN THE last section of the book the author, in keeping with his admonition to other historians, undertook three of the four essays with "fire in the eye." Much advice and counsel is given, all good, though not always consistent with the practice of the author. Following an essay on "History as a Literary Art," in which he excoriates historians for lack of popular appeal, he turns to a "Memoir on Edward Channing." It is unfortunate that Professor Channing lacked the opportunity of reading these two essays, for Mr. Morison suggests that he had the "wisdom of the serpent," and this may have been the talent necessary to defend the style of his great works and to protect them from fiery writers.

Mr. Morison ends his volume with his presidential address before the American Historical Association, "The Faith of an Historian." The marks of a good historian are the marks of a good man: intellectual honesty, skepticism, respect for tradition, and *mesure*. But preceding his summation of faith there is reprinted his "provocative" article, "History through a Beard." Now I, too, dislike what Charles A. Beard had to say about the recent period of history; and I believe the incorrectness of a historian's facts and presentation should, when appropriate, be spread on the record at length—but with *mesure*.

Nothing personal is intended, mind

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you, but a collection such as Mr. Morison's is often published posthumously. In such cases the editor can be criticized for his selections while one concurs in the significance of the author and his works. But these essays and addresses bear the stamp of approval of the author. I hope withal that they will be widely read, for much profit will be gained. As the book is described by its publisher as a "selection of Mr. Morison's best occasional writings," I recommend that it be read occasionally and by parts, for doubtless it will be more impressive that way.

Hometown Radicals

AMERICAN SOCIALISM IN THE MAKING: American Socialist Laborites and Social Democrats achieved a precarious unity in 1901 when they formed a new Socialist Party. The origins of the party during the troublous years 1886-1901 receive thoroughgoing treatment in Howard H. Quint's **"The Forging of American Socialism"** (University of South Carolina Press, $6).

Mr. Quint's problem was not easy. He had to unreel several skeins of Socialist yarn, and most of them had a habit of snarling or breaking. There is, consequently, a rather heavy burden of detail, necessary to a clear presentation of developments but not conducive to easy reading. Fortunately, he is a skilful writer and incisive in his judgments. The book gives a welcome demonstration that a Ph.D. dissertation need not be dull or trivial.

The volume is more of a study in intellectual history than of politics. The author finds that doctrinaire theorists like the inflexible Daniel DeLeon, and other exegetes of the gospel according to Marx, contributed less to Socialism in this country than did the homespun utopian, Edward Bellamy, the Christian Socialists W. D. P. Bliss and George D. Herron, the pungent grassroots editor Julius Wayland, and some heartsick, defeated Populists. These were the men who, along with Debs and Berger and other political campaign standard-bearers, Americanized Socialism and prepared for its brief golden age during the Progressive Era.

Mr. Quint's book is a worthy addition to the other good recent studies of American Socialism—Ira Kipnis's account of the movement from 1897 to 1912 and Daniel Bell's general treatment, which carries the story to 1950, in "Socialism and American Life," edited by Donald G. Egbert and Stow Persons. —J. MERTON ENGLAND.

FICTION

Collection of Curiosos

***"Someone Like You," by Roald Dahl** (Alfred A. Knopf. 359 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short stories of the macabre and the fantastic.*

By William Peden

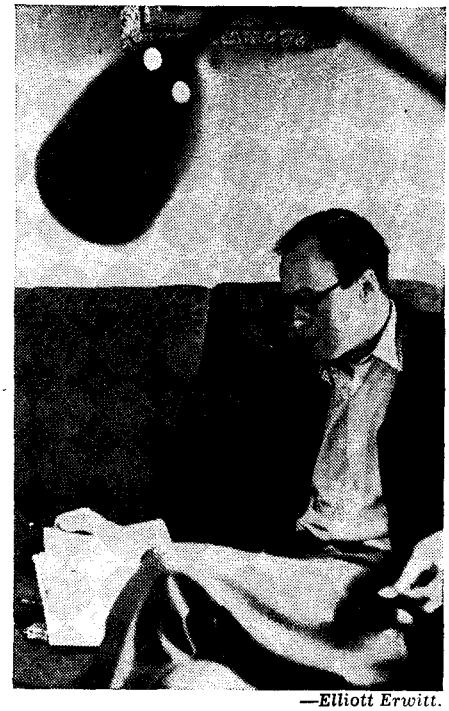
THE short stories of Roald Dahl are for the most part unusual and highly entertaining variations of the "old-fashioned" trick-ending story. A former RAF flyer whose first collection of short stories, "Over to You," was almost exclusively about flying, is a sophisticated teller of tales, a cunning master of suspense, and a very clever caricaturist. Readers who in recent years have had some reason to complain that the short story has occasionally become lost in a sea of social protest, elliptical intellectuality, or plotless naturalism will find the smoothly-spun tales of the macabre and the fantastic in his new collection, "Someone Like You," very much to their liking.

Mr. Dahl's world is a curious blending of the real and the unreal. In this world we must not search for penetrating or subtle characterization, but rather for swift and arresting caricature. To enter this world and to enjoy its strange and often fascinating inhabitants the reader must be able to afford the luxury of using his imagination; he must undergo, as Coleridge demanded of his readers, the willing suspension of disbelief. Having made this adjustment, the reader is likely to enjoy Mr. Dahl's stories as much as this reviewer did.

Here, then, is a world in which trees sob aloud when struck with an axe; in which an irritated female casually disposes of a bore with an exquisite gift of poisoned caviar. Here is a delightful gallery of odd and psychotic characters: a painter on whose back is tattooed an early masterpiece by Chaim Soutine; a wretched, feeble butterfly-collector of a man who wiretaps his young guests' bedroom; an immaculate little psychopath who dearly loves to chop off people's fingers.

By their very nature artificial rather than realistic, most of these stories rely heavily upon a carefully worked-up climax for their effect. So skilful is Mr. Dahl that he makes some of his predecessors in this field appear amateurish. Like Dickens (whom I suspect Mr. Dahl has read and at one time enjoyed), he exploits to the full the principle of contrast. These bizarre stories are heightened by the matter-of-fact and realistic method with which the author approaches his surprising endings. And, like the good entertainer he is, Mr. Dahl never works a good effect to death.

Interspersed among these tales of fantasy are naturalistic stories like "Mr. Feasy," a sickeningly convincing story of the seedy habitues of an out-of-bounds English dog-racing track. And in a story like "Poison," this reviewer's favorite, Mr. Dahl combines the method of Poe, Ambrose Bierce, or O. Henry with an undercurrent of serious commentary one might expect to find in A. E. Coppard or Angus Wilson. As a remarkable experiment in suspense this story of a man victimized by naked fear is as arresting and entertaining as anything in the book; at the same time the story suggests something universal in terms of the effect of fear and the release from fear upon the individual. How this man Dahl can work up an effect!



—Elliott Erwitt.

Roald Dahl—"man victimized."

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R. I. Microcosm

"Beauty for Ashes," by Christopher LaFarge *(Coward-McCann. 428 pp. $4), a novel in verse, is the story of a group of worldly, and in some cases embittered, people working out their destinies in a Rhode Island coastal town.*

By Ben Ray Redman

MAKE of it what you will, the fact is that today, when the prose of life is more than usually chill and minatory, the novel in verse is enjoying a renaissance. Not on a large scale, to be sure. Only a few of our writers have as yet essayed the form, but their number is increasing, and they are teaching an increasing number of readers to like and understand and judge the form. Prominent among these writers is Christopher LaFarge, author of "Hoxie Sells His Acres," "Each to the Other," "and now "Beauty for Ashes."

That a novel in verse should be all poetry is, perhaps, too much to ask. Certainly there has been no such novel written in recent years, and I should be at a loss to name an older work that fully meets the specification. Maybe it is just as well that in a book as long as "Beauty for Ashes" —almost half again as long as "Paradise Lost"—the reader should not be steadily exposed to the tensions, compressions, ellipses, ambiguities, and crowding images of poetry. It might prove too much of a good thing, and call for a sustained collaboration to which all but a few readers would prove unequal. Whatever the merits or demerits of the case, we find that "Beauty for Ashes" is composed of a great deal of verse, some prose printed as verse, and enough genuine poetry to infuse the whole with poetic life, and to leave the reader feeling at the end that what he has experienced is a poem. But he is sure, too, that he has experienced a novel—a novel in which the author has made skilful use of a wide range of technical freedom, in which he has told his story by means of narrative, description, dialogue, and interior monologue, and has himself performed the explanatory, analytical role of a Greek chorus.

As chorus—or godlike spectator—he has written some of his finest and most memorable poetry, in the form of sonnets that echo Shakespearean accents without partaking for a moment of the nature of imitations. It is noteworthy that as the novel progresses the prose passages grow fewer, the poetic intensity is heightened (there are again moments of relaxation just before the end); and we find increasingly numerous examples of telescoped, elliptical syntax, and more and more brief phrases in which the poet has made the parts of speech dance effectively into one another's places.

The jacket note tells us that the theme of "Beauty for Ashes" poses a question: "Is not man enriched by a reasonable acceptance of the inevitable social burden that life imposes on him, but impoverished by the avoidance of those burdens, particularly where avoidance is in terms only of his own growth and career?" —and these words are in quotation marks, as though they were the author's own. But, if this question was the core of the book as it was originally conceived, it is not the core of the book that we have. True, the contrast between the acceptance and rejection of social burdens is personified in the characters of Quintus Lamy, who believes in "man's slow progress onward," and Rochester Mallin, the successful novelist, who has come to believe in nothing, and to believe that he himself is nothing —"old man who is not husband, is not father, and is not lover"—but Lamy and Mallin are overshadowed by the character and deeds of Jennifer Messler, aged nineteen. She moves to the center of the stage and takes the play away from them. She is the catalytic agent of the dramatic action, effecting change while remaining youthfully impervious to change herself. She drives young Harlow Stevenden temporarily mad, lashed by "the ego's hurricane." She makes Lamy—"the good man trying too hard to be good"—behave in a way that the world says is bad. She gives Mallin, the lost soul, a momentary sense of triumph that is followed by a crushing burden of frustration and failure. She shocks her mother out of her psychosomatic invalidism, makes Mallin's wife wonder, and causes almost every male who looks at her to commit adultery in his heart. There is no doubt about it—Jennifer, who is in love only with Jennifer—

Christopher LaFarge—"thought in beauty."

is the star of "Beauty for Ashes." And one may suspect that the poet, for all his clear knowledge of her, is one of her victims. Certainly he is at his best when he is writing of her, and never better than when he is demonstrating, through her, that middle age may cross physically, but not intellectually or emotionally, the gulf that lies between itself and youth.

BUT THERE is more to this novel than Jennifer's story. Behind her and around her lies the Rhode Island village of Chog's Cove, familiar to Mr. LaFarge's readers. "What sort of a village are we?" asks Lamy. "What is the matter with us that all such matters/ are bounded north and south and east and west/ by the old hates and quarrels and hurtful wants/ of our competitions?/ When the hurricane blew,/ the village changed. The quarrels were buried,/ forgotten . . ." The obvious answer to Lamy's question is that Chog's Cove is the world in microcosm; and the implications of Mr. LaFarge's picture of the village are vast. But we can do no better than glimpse the pattern of life superficially and momentarily. It may be true that "There's nothing is separate,/ you see that as you get older," but it is surely true that "loneliness is a garment you must wear"; that we must all endure "the inviolate, the inviolable/ aloneness of living." This is, perhaps, Mr. LaFarge's basic message, even while he believes in and advocates One World.

Whatever his message, he has given us an absorbing, at times exciting novel, and a large measure of poetry in which thought moves clothed in beauty. In short, he has had much to give—and he has been generous.

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The Constant Church

"The Passionate Heart," by Beatrix Beck *(translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Julian Messner. 210 pp. $3.50), which won an accolade from the Goncourt Academy, is the story of a young French widow who found faith during the German occupation.*

By Henri Peyre

WHATEVER may be said against the novels which have, in the last ten or twenty years, won the highest of French literary awards, the Goncourt prize, one must admire the eclectic variety of the selections made by the Goncourt Academy. For the first time in many years, the 1952 award went to a woman, which is a tribute to the growing quality and number of women novelists now writing in France. But "The Passionate Heart" (which in the original bears the simpler title of "Léon Morin, prêtre") in no way corresponds to the idea that French critics often entertain of feminine literature as sentimental, autobiographical, indulging in childhood memories and passionate reveries. This is a harsh and vigorous volume, stripped of ornaments and of rhetoric, purposely devoid of grace, written with concise sobriety, but one which faithfully renders the moods and atmosphere of France under the occupation and the spiritual aspirations of people crushed by material worries.

There is no plot in the conventional sense, only the struggle between pride and humility, between sarcastic atheism and the submission to faith in the soul of an unhappy woman. "Barny" is the name by which her friends call her, and it was the title of one of the author's two previous books, in some respects less self-conscious and better than this one. She is a foreigner by birth. Beatrix Beck herself is the daughter of Christian Beck, a Belgian writer of some note and friend of André Gide, who died young, and of an Irish mother. She was born in Switzerland and studied in France, in Grenoble, where this novel takes place. She married a young Jewish man, Aronovitch, who in 1940, while serving in the army, seems to have committed suicide. She was left a widow with a little girl and survived through the German occupation.

The novel opens with the Italian soldiers arriving in Grenoble, soon displaced by the Germans. A series of jerky, disconnected paragraphs depicts a few scattered incidents of the Occupation, children hunted because of their Jewish names, foreign Jews being concealed for months in people's bedrooms, a few collaborators blown up by the Maquis. The young mother works in an office to eke out a living, rides in the countryside on her bicycle to secure a little food for her daughter, lives in constant fear of arrest on account of her Jewish married name. Some of the anecdotes that she relates are definitely on the tough side; the times and her ordeals have embittered her. She even indulges in some impious jokes and crude sex conversations, professes contempt for the insipid solaces of faith.

One day she enters a church, wanting to confess imaginary sins to the unknown priest whom she accosts with the words: "Religion is the opium of the people." But the priest, Léon Morin, the son of a peasant family from the Alps, is not the conventional benign and kindly type. He understands the pugnacious and sardonic nature of the young widow, discerns in her one of those violent ones of whom the Gospels say that they seize the Kingdom of God by force. He presents faith to her as a harmony of the whole being, Christ as the living intercessor between God and a woman in whom rationalism was a form of intellectual pride. He is as impatient of bourgeois complacency as she is, as critical of faith which is not accompanied by social charity, kindlier to the evangelic aspects of Communism than to the pharisaism of many rich and of most conformists.

—*Roger Parry.*

Beatrix Beck—"re-evangelizing."

Barny rises to the conquest of simplicity, humbles her ego and discards her combative unbelief, and, cornered, her back to the wall, she becomes a convert and learns the higher joys of charity. She is not, however, a disembodied saint, and it is clear that she was powerfully attracted by the priest Léon Morin as a man. She wrests from him the confession that if he were not bound by his vows and his piety he would have elected her as a wife. But the novel ends there. The war is now over. The priest is sent to a mountain parish. Barny will go to Paris and write.

IT WOULD be excessive to consider that a major novelist has arisen with Beatrix Beck. She writes with directness and force; she can conjure up a few violent scenes and some spiritual conflicts with vividness. The character of Barny is drawn with sharp outlines: a stubborn, virile, brutal, tense young woman, whose life was early wrecked by suffering, not unlike many French women who were unsparing of their energy when struggling in the Resistance or deprived of their husbands through the prisons.

But "The Passionate Heart" is as much a document as it is a novel, like many works of fiction today. It was not written as an edifying volume, although it will be hailed and read as such by many Catholics. The theological arguments occasionally made in it are certainly not likely to satisfy philosophers. But Léon Morin is highly interesting as typical of the renovated and democratized French Catholicism of the last two or three decades. In part to offset the success of Communism, which won the masses through its appropriation of many of the Christian elements, French Catholicism has been impelled to fight back through going to the people and re-evangelizing the masses, as it is called. The most fervent missionary work today is accomplished not in Africa or Asia but among the workmen and peasants of France, who had been alienated from the Church through its unholy alliance with wealth and material success. It is a sign of the times that two of the most widely acclaimed French books of the last two years have been this portrayal of a very human and unconventional priest by Beatrix Beck and a description of priests working with and as workmen in the Paris suburbs, heretofore fortresses of Communism and of atheism as well as of abject poverty: "Les Saints Vont en Enfer," by Gilbert Cesbron.

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Reds in the Boot

***"An Epitaph for Love," by Howard Clewes** (Doubleday. 252 pp. $3.50), a tale of romantic as well as Communist intrigue in present-day Florence, marks the literary debut of a British diplomat.*

By William Murray

HOWARD CLEWES is another in the new international confraternity of authors: the ex-diplomats and foreign-service career men turned novelists. Like his American counterpart, Paul Hyde Bonner, Mr. Clewes has spent a good deal of his time in Italy, where he was once head of the British Political and Culture Office in Milan, and has, by his own cheerful admission, embraced the life of the Continental expatriate.

The central character of his "An Epitaph for Love" is an English expatriate author named Harry Lucas, doubtless Mr. Clewes only very thinly disguised. It is mainly through his eyes that the author develops his story of international Communist intrigue, such a popular subject these days, and behind-the-scenes diplomacy in a foreign city—in this case, Florence. The discovery of substantial oil deposits high in the Dolomites sets off some top-secret negotiations between a representative of the

Italian Government and three tricky oil experts from France, Britain, and the United States. The conference unfortunately coincides with a rather spectacular Communist uprising in the city. It becomes Lucas's task to prevent the Communists from occupying the British consulate, where the negotiations are under way, since the police apparently can do nothing and it is the author's firm conviction that the mere hint of an oil strike in Italy would cause some fifteen million Communists to descend upon the Peninsula. (Whether from Yugoslavia, Austria, or Russia was never made quite clear to me.)

During the course of his adventures Lucas renews acquaintances with some old friends from the time of the Partisan Resistance. One of these is a dazzling Italian girl who once fell afoul of Harry's stern and characteristically British sense of duty. She has become the mistress of another wartime comrade, now the Communist chieftain in charge of the insurrection, and while Harry is busily fanning the embers of their old love into flame he is also equally determined to sacrifice it again to his commendably Anglo-Saxon principles.

The novel is at its weakest in the labored love scenes. The heroine is one of those desperate women engaged in the frantic pursuit of absolute or perfect love. "It was the only thing that could save me," she says to Harry. There are women like Nina in the world, but it is not the task of a responsible author to perpetuate the romantic fiction that perfect love is something we can all find if we just try hard enough.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Clewes has selected so unconvincing and contrived a plot, because he often writes with humor and perception. The sections dealing with the effect of the insurrection upon the local British colony and the harried consular staff are very funny and reminiscent of the early Evelyn Waugh. Nor is he a man to waste words: the descriptive writing is admirably crisp and clean. But then there is that plot. "History is an improbable business in the making," Harry's Communist friend remarks. I do not think it is as improbable as Mr. Clewes would have us believe.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 549

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 549 will be found in the next issue.

IQSZ G IABGZ XGUX, "P

EAZ'W IPXQ WA

BSZWPAZ GZU ZGBSX"—PW

GPZ'W ZSTSXXGLU.—OPZ

QKFFGLE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 548

Enthusiasm always exaggerates the importance of important things and overlooks their deficiences.—Hugh Tigner.

Fiction Notes

MELODRAMA WITH A MESSAGE: William E. Barrett has a fine flair for strikingly dramatic situations and devices carrying with them broad implications of a moral and spiritual order. This capacity was evident in his 1951 novel, "The Left Hand of God," in which the impersonation of a priest was used to develop the concept that men tend to become the things they pretend to be. That same aptitude is demonstrated in his latest, **"The Shadows of the Images"** (Doubleday, $3.95) but it has not been applied with equal success by any means.

As it stands, the book will have popular appeal, beyond any question, yet it cannot but make the judicious grieve. It is undigested, unassimilated, in both characterization and plot as if pushed through to completion without being allowed to mature. The implications of its actions are left at the most obvious level.

The setting is a Western mountain city which Mr. Barrett is at pains to insist is *not* Denver. His immediate attack, dramatically effective but perhaps too literal for the welfare of the book which he must develop from it, is to show us a wealthy, beautiful, arrogant girl buying a sinisterly wonderful wood carving, an image of Satan. She is buying it solely to "shock" the young man, "a Christer" in her words, to whom she is attracted and who becomes her husband. It is the shadow of this image which falls blackly and ruinously across their lives.

Because Mr. Barrett has rough-carpentered his book, instead of giving it the finished artistry he celebrates in the image, we are bound to be disappointed. The wilful girl, Beverly, and her husband, Paul, are sticks of wood, and so, to only a slightly less degree, are his brother Tom and the other girl, Vicky, whose characters and relationship form the necessary contrasting pattern. All this is mechanical.

His truest, most living characters are Julius Weinstein, dealer in art objects, and the priest, Father Brennan. These, with their special friendship, also are stock types yet they have reality and personality in spite of it because of Mr. Barrett's genuine feeling for them. Julius Weinstein is the best of all. In the subtlety with which he is understood, and in the richly moving scene in which death comes quietly to the aged Jew, Mr. Barrett does his finest work in this whole book—a token of what he can do.

Yet the story, filled with rape and

(*Continued on page* 35)

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POETRY

The Queen's Poet

John Masefield's "Poems" *(Macmillan. 685 pp. $8), described by its publisher as a "complete edition," offers an opportunity to weigh the art of Britain's poet-laureate.*

By I. L. Salomon

A GENERATION of critical circles has maintained an indecorous silence, not so much discreet as unbecoming, concerning John Masefield, chief teller of tales in English verse for half a century. More than sixty books of poetry, plays, fiction, and non-fiction have come from his hand in that time. In prose he has been an extraordinary spinner of yarns as "The Western Islands" attests, and in "Gallipoli" he has paid awesome tribute to British soldiery. Nothing in the exhaustive collection of his "Poems" would indicate that he has been moved by the social forces impinging on the world's consciousness after World War I. There is nothing to indicate his tenure as Poet Laureate (1930-), since he has omitted all poems in praise of the Queen living or laments for her direct ancestors dead. And yet the magnificence of the great narratives written in the decade concluding 1921, the sea poems, the meditative sonnets, and a handful of lyrics withstand the bruise of time. That is enough.

What has absorbed John Masefield in his lifetime has been England's heritage in song, legend, myth. That he read Chaucer and the middle-English poets is common knowledge, but he is steeped even more in the Anglo-Saxon bards, the Mabinogion tales, and the Arthurian Cycle. Icelandic edda no less than Homeric stories are in his blood. But there is nothing that is as compelling as his Anglo-Saxon heritage. Wanting in that pageantry that began at the Tabard Inn at Southwark, he is pre-Chaucerian in feeling. His line of literary descent runs from Cynewulf's followers. Like them he has been seafarer and wayfarer. Ships trampling the seas are at the core of his writing, and man brutalizing man on the indifferent earth.

When John Masefield began writing he was of his time. He knew his contemporaries and predecessors. He had seen Swinburne, frail, old, and deaf, roaring with laughter in the reading room of the British Museum. He had come under the spell of Yeats at his famous Monday Evenings. He was devoted to the work of the Pre-Raphaelites Rosetti and Morris. He knew his Burns as his Stevenson, his Thomas Hood as his Thomas Hardy. He favored Longfellow and the poems of William Allingham, and glutted himself on Borrow and Defoe. Milton and Shakespeare, of course, were in him, and Chaucer, and the writer of "Deor's Lament." Indeed, even as he learned his trade of seamanship aboard H.M.S. *Conway* in the Mersey, so he learned his craft of writing, savoring many waters. He was and remains a troubadour, passing no judgment on his protagonists as he spills his yarns with humor and delight or with an inwit of sadness. That indignation and ironic savagery Kipling exploited with compulsive power in stronger rhythms and accents are not in him. He leaves the indignation to his readers to bring to his poems as he provides them with heartbreak and the rare touch of vision. Vision, clairvoyant and clairaudient, sustains such living masterpieces as "The Everlasting Mercy" and "Reynard the Fox." The evil that corrodes the vitals of Saul Kane "tokened to the devil" is leached out of him as he finds everlasting mercy in his Redeemer. The fox, pursued and hunted, flies from the world of men to his covert in his world of woods, as men themselves fly their mortal troubles. Living man's flesh cries for the soul; in death man's soul cries for the flesh. There is no escape for the hunted and haunted. And the hunter himself has no peace.

To read Masefield whole is to recognize his defects. More than any other poet in this age he has overworked the word *beauty* and the trope *April* so that they become cloying repetitions that do not satisfy the romantic illusion he has created. His double-sonnet "On Growing Old" he has so plagiarized in other poems that, read together, it loses its early freshness. He has brought nothing new to the telling of his Arthurian stories; they are smaller in compass than Tennyson's "Idylls"; they do not have "the choir of lives in chime" as in Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse," and they lack the psychological sense of Robinson's "Tristram" or "Merlin." Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" still retains its post-Chaucerian splendor; poets for all their labor have not been able to better the instruction. Masefield also tells the Troy story with new insights but without the boldness found in Homer.

WHAT will remain of John Masefield's poetry are his songs and ballads, the narrative poems cited, and certainly the sparest of his sonnets in "Lollingdon Downs" and in "Wanderer and Wonderer." His "Adamas and Eve" handily done in Chaucerian speech has its own spoofing flavor. "The Kings at Midnight," a poem in dialect that tells of Christ's nativity by Dead Man's Thorn in the little country-town of Ledbury in Herefordshire, has its moment of grace. John Masefield stands with Browning, Hardy, and Kipling at their reflective best in such a poem as "The Hill." With its magnificent insights it will endure:

Man is nothing
To this quiet, full of power, to this
effort, full of peace,
Nothing, even as a rebel, blind
with anger and forgettal;
Nothing, even as a turmoil that
his madness cannot settle
That his death makes swiftly cease.

Is it heedless?
Is it heartless, or unjudging, or
forgetful, or immune?
Do we apprehend its nature, can
we comprehend its power,
We, as mortal as the sparrow, and
as fading as the flower,
And as changing as the Moon?

Let them answer
Who reply to every question, as
befits an iron time.
I can only see a valley with a million grass-blades blowing
And a hill with clouds above it
whither many larks are going
Singing paeans as they climb.

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Poetry of a Philosopher

George Santayana's "The Poet's Testament" *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 216 pp. $3.50) is a new collection of poems and translations by the philosopher, containing all not heretofore published which he desired to preserve, including two five-act poetic dramas.*

By Irwin Edman

IT HAS become routine to refer to George Santayana as a poet-philosopher, but it is not in his capacity as a writer of verse that he is usually thus identified. What is meant, rather, is that his whole approach to philosophy is that of a musing, brooding, contemplative mind, for whom ideas are themes, events occasions, objects essences, all themes to be entertained, all forms to be held. There is something else generally intended; Santayana's prose, for all its frequent dialectical neatness, is the discourse of a poet, whose words intimate rather than define, suggest rather than report or explain. For Santayana, himself, the line between poetry and philosophy is hard to draw. He himself says on the theme in "Three Philosophical Poets":

> In philosophy itself investigation and reasoning are only preparatory and servile parts, means to an end. They terminate in insight, or what in the noblest sense of the word may be called theory, a steady contemplation of things in their order or worth. Such contemplation is imaginative. A philosopher who attains it is for the moment a poet, and a poet who turns his practised and passionate imagination on the order of all things, or on anything in the light of the whole, is for that moment a philosopher.

But Santayana was in the stricter and narrower sense a poet from the beginning, and those who knew him in his early days when, as a dark, handsome, romantic figure he adorned the Harvard Yard as a student and young instructor, reported that if ambition lurked anywhere in that detached young spirit it was that of a poet rather than a philosopher. He was, himself, in his "Selected Poems" published now a generation ago, deprecating about his own gifts as a poet. To be a good poet one must, in the first place, have, he tells us, the rhythm of the language in one's ears from nursery days on. Santayana did not know a word of English until he was ten. Yet he suggests elsewhere that the whole of his philosophy was early suggested in his youthful poems.

The best of his early sonnet sequence are anthology pieces, and there are some of his other poems that disclose his characteristic imagination, retrospectively classical, classically detached. "The truth of existence is always classical," he tells us somewhere of Leopardi, "had we but the wit to see it. . . . When a rapt poet compels us to do so we are arrested, we are rebuked, we are delivered." He might have been speaking of himself.

THE POEMS in "The Poet's Testament" are as much period pieces as were those published in the Nineties, as indeed, most of these were—tenderly and knowingly revised in old age. The limits of Santayana as a poet, limits he, himself, once noted in a preface to his "Selected Poems," a generation ago, are the restraints of an academic habit and, for all his attack on the genteel tradition, the inversions, arbitrations, and apostrophes of the genteel tradition of the Nineties.

The "Philosophers at Court" has a literary wit and a formal kind of rhetorical humor, and has Santayana's expectable, sad, satiric, reflections on both action and thought as those on marriage in "The Marriage of Venus." This philosopher once said of himself that he had a capacity for delineating emotions he had never felt. There is a good deal of wisdom about matrimony by this bachelor poet. But it is all at one remove.

The French, Italian, and Latin translations are the tasteful and elegant productions of a poetic-minded scholar. No, Santayana's greatest poetry is his prose. But there are two poems of his in this volume that will live and in which his philosophy lives, —"The Poet's Testament" and "Epitaph." They were both written not long before his death.

Piermont Winter

By Florence Ripley Mastin

SNOW traps the fourth dimension
on the mountain,
Branches are frozen in the dialed sky,
The gliding river now is motionless,
Sculptured by cold . . . within the
quiet mind
The years are one, the triad of the past,
Present, and future rising in a chord
Of music that the heart receives alone.

There remains no discord—for
man's angel
Becomes in his awareness, his release,
One with the harmony that has created
The monotone of the fantastic frost,
The architecture of the ice-robed tree,
The pattern of the sun as pale as
moonlight,
The silence that is music more than
sound . . .

Entranced by vistaed time, he has up-gathered
As in a summer wood, the flowers
of grace:
The chosen of his love, concealed no more
By the deceiving senses' masquerade,
The lost, the cherished, and the yet-to-be,
Each in a moment's flame is folded
Close as the scent and color in the rose.

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Poetic Obstetrics

***'Making a Poem," by Melville Cane** (Harcourt, Brace. 108 pp. $2.95), is a volume of essays on the art of wooing the muse.*

By Leonard Bacon

THESE pleasant essays by the Poet Cane
Deal well with what's no picnic to explain,
How poems breed between the heart and brain,
How sacred idiocy or sacred rage
May end as verses written on a page.
However vigorous or slight the urge,
Still from the same Unconscious they emerge.
The trivial line that no man harkens to,
Perhaps, came out of chasms Shakespeare knew—
Or rather didn't. Not even his bentho-scope
Contrived into those underdeeps to grope.
And poets' eyes rolling in finest frenzies
Are not designed to examine their own lenses.
Who would into that dark shoot beams of light,
And hopes to keep the invisible in sight,
May have his disappointments.
Shakespeare knew
No more about the point than I or you.
But Cane is modest. Peering beyond the dim
Threshold, he tells how poems came to him,
Or how he thinks they did. And I, for one,
Find his account is full of sense and fun,
And quite agree with him on what elsewhere
Has been described as "the prenatal care
Of poems," important now, when odd distortions
Of thought quite commonly produce abortions.
One must not force the Unconscious. Nothing lives
At all, unless the Unconscious freely gives.
What from the deep is dragged up in the tangled
Trawl will prove putrefactions and things strangled,
Abominable, and giving forth a stench.
And though you dredge the Tuscarora Trench,
At best a tuna's head comes from the dark,

—Glidden.

Jesse Stuart—"taps the waters."

Bitten off clean by some abyssal shark.
How does a poem come then? If none can
Seek and ensue it, how does it reach a man?
Only, I say, "by cock-eyed miracle"
At points where parallel joins parallel
By solution of equations whose quaint roots
Grow into trees that yield surprising fruits
Fit to be pecked by the million golden birds
Of Rimbaud's dream, where the symbol makes the words,
Or the words make the symbol. And the whole
Somehow controls what's out of all control.
If a fish leaps, for one man a fish leaps—
No more! For another the Creative Deeps
Such meaning yield, such "mountings of the mind,"
As no great word that he can ever find,
Will catch or keep. Yet so a poem snatches,
Leaping from the Dark, the poet whom it catches.
A thoughtful darky, clutching the harpoon cord,
And by the hammerhead's rush jerked overboard,
Came up and spluttered: "Boss, you do the figgering:
Is this nigger fishing, or is that fish niggering?"
If you don't like the metaphor so be it!
But any how that is the way I see it.
And I think Melville Cane feels as I feel,
And wish him "Tight lines and a well filled creel."

Poetry Notes

SONGS OF FAITH FROM THE BLUEGRASS: A poet of authentic regionalism Jesse Stuart is like the water-witch whose business it is to fork the hidden springs in the soil of Kentucky. He goes beyond his primary function and taps the waters for poetic sustenance. That this is extended to the American dream and its human destiny serves to show his reaffirmation in the land of his people, his wholesome desire for life, and his mature acceptance of the dignity of death. Far from an important book, his new collection, **"Kentucky Is My Land"** (Dutton, $2.75), offers remarkable surprises, a handful of poems exceedingly choice, since they satisfy the imagination, and an overweighted selection of personal sonnets, for the most part pedestrian in execution, if valiant, humble, and humane in subject matter.

Americana is considerably enriched by "Elegy for Mitch Stuart," a gem of concision, and by "The Ballad of Lonesome Waters," a folk myth, lusty, indigenous, and veined rich with images, flavored with provincialisms:

I am myself . . . I'll do as I durn please.
I'll churn no milk, black-flag no hound dog fleas.
I'll patch no pants, and stockings in the knees.
And from this yard I'll rake no blackoak leaves.

The title-poem in free verse, the lyric "By Sandy Waters," the third sonnet in "The Last Leave Home," and the narrative "The Builder and the Dream" contain excellences achieved with the sure touch of craftsmanship.

At his sporadic best Mr. Stuart is very good indeed, and it is this best in "Kentucky Is My Land" that deserves a place beside "Song in the Meadow" by his late contemporary and gifted fellow-Kentuckian Elizabeth Madox Roberts. —I. L. SALOMON.

FINE BEGINNING: Dorothy Hughes's first book of poems, **"The Green Loving"** ($2.50), places us once more in a debt of gratitude to her publishers. Scribner's, certainly, is one publishing house which of recent years has dared to welcome new poets to its list. It must be added that none of the several "thin volumes" has been negligible—and "The Green Loving" maintains the standard.

The dust-wrapper proclaims the thirty-one poems in this book to be the product of "ten years of arduous and critical creation." The years have not been wasted: with few exceptions

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Saturday Review

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Twelve Propositions for Reasonable Men

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is the distinguished lawyer and former associate of the late Elihu Root. He is also the author of "A Plan for Peace," published in 1950. For the last eight years he has concerned himself almost exclusively with studies on the organization of the peace.*

I HAVE been asked to summarize what I consider the most basic ideas on which those who seek genuine peace should now concentrate. With so vast a subject, the task is indeed difficult. But I will do what I can in the shape of twelve propositions:

First: Recognize that disarmament in all arms and by all nations is the key to any stable world settlement and a system of world order. The world now has nineteen million men in active military service. The annual cost is some 110 billion dollars or not less than one-eighth of the world's total production. There is no pause in the invention of new and appalling weapons. The mutual fears and tensions thus created make negotiation difficult and real progress towards peace almost impossible. It follows that in the effort for world order the framing of specific and effective plans for disarmament must be a vital feature.

I do not say that disarmament *alone* will achieve the goal. Doubtless there are other necessary measures such as the simultaneous creation of world institutions for the decision or mediation of international disputes. What I do assert is that disarmament is a *sine qua non* of genuine peace; and that the question of specific ways and means to achieve disarmament is of central importance.

Second: Recognize that there is no inconsistency between the current rearmament program and a great effort for universal disarmament.

In our present anarchic world of sovereign states, with no world law or world police, there is no *immediate* alternative to military strength. Yet we must never forget that, however necessary our present rearmament policy, that policy can be no more than a stopgap. It embodies no element of world order under law. On the contrary, it is the essence of power politics. Rearmament may well be helpful in gaining time to seek the solution. It is in itself no stable solution at all.

With entire consistency, therefore, we can simultaneously support immediate rearmament and work for general and permanent disarmament. On this point clarity of thought is all-important.

Third: Recognize that disarmament must be not only universal and enforceable, but also complete, right down to the level of strictly limited and lightly armed forces for internal order only. Everyone now perceives that disarmament must be universal. In the modern age it is obvious that unless all nations disarm none will. Everyone knows also that disarmament must be enforceable,—"foolproof" as nearly as may be. This is so because unless all have confidence that the agreed system cannot be evaded none will enter it.

The third requirement—that disarmament must also be *complete*—is less generally understood, but should be. Not only is complete disarmament desirable; it is actually easier of achievement than any form of partial disarmament. The record of history shows that efforts for mere "reduction" or "regulation" or "control" will almost certainly bog down in interminable disputes over quotas and the so-called "needs" of the Powers. This is common sense as well as the lesson of history.

Fourth: Recognize and teach that effective world institutions are indispensable to disarmament and to genuine peace as distinguished from a precarious armed truce. We must never cease preaching the simple truth that if genuine peace is desired the people must consent to the minimum restraints on "sovereignty" which will keep the nations from murdering each other. Through all discouragements and evasions we must quietly insist that the world cannot have it both ways; that we cannot fairly complain of taxes and war if we refuse to adopt the minimum world institutions that are plainly necessary.

Fifth: Recognize and explain that the most logical and reasonable method for creating these institutions is the use and development of the United Nations Charter. Firmly oppose all efforts to abandon or subordinate the United Nations; while conceding its present inadequacy, uphold a greatly strengthened United Nations as the best hope and most practicable means of achieving disarmament and world order.

Sixth: Recognize that the idea of an Atlantic Union and the conception of a much stronger United Nations, with universal membership and committed under a revised Charter to complete and enforceable disarmament, are incompatible. An Atlantic Union would federate only a selected group of nations and yet would be of such great power as to overshadow the United Nations. It is hard to see how it would make for disarmament or lessened tension; and it would tend, I believe, to confirm and perpetuate the chasm between East and West. Attempts to gloss over the fundamental differences between the idea of Atlantic Union and that of a revised and strengthened U. N. tend, in my judgment, to confusion of thought and hinder rather than aid the cause of world order.

Seventh: As to timing, realize, on the one hand, that so great a task as the organization of peace cannot be achieved in a year or in several years. Realize, on the other hand, that under the impact of modern science history is marching faster than perhaps ever before. We should not assume that the goal is out of reach for an indefinite time. Rather we should assume that it can be attained within a generation or even a decade.

Eighth: Realize that a great opportunity exists in the prospective conference to review the U. N. Charter, which will be voted upon in 1955 and will presumably convene in 1956.

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Recognize that the efforts of all of us should be centered upon ensuring not only that such a conference is convened, but that when convened its results will be important and fruitful.

Ninth: When it comes to actual Charter revision recognize the practical necessity of defining all-important powers and obligations in the Charter itself. This will be necessary because the nations will not be ready to confer wide discretionary powers upon supranational legislative or executive bodies. They will wish to know specifically and in advance what powers they are conferring and what duties they are assuming.

New features, essential to disarmament and the bare elements of world order, which will need to be thus incorporated, include: Provision for universal membership of all the nations without right to resign; a detailed plan for proportional and complete disarmament to be achieved by stages under strict inspection; a plan of representation in the General Assembly which will take account of relative populations and perhaps other factors; the powers, responsibility, and voting procedure of an executive body; a plan of taxation whereby the United Nations can raise adequate funds, but within strict limits and under careful safeguards; a detailed plan for the organization and command of United Nations military forces; a revision of the statute of the International Court of Justice to confer compulsory jurisdiction in international disputes capable of decision upon legal principles; and provision for a World Tribunal without power to make binding decisions but with wide authority to mediate and recommend in non-justiciable disputes between nations.

Recognition of the fact that detailed provisions for the necessary minimum world institutions should be included in the Charter itself is of importance, since this will stimulate efforts in many nations to work out satisfactory solutions in preparation for the prospective review conference in 1956.

Tenth: Recognize that we cannot rely on Governments or officials to initiate the novel and far-reaching measures which alone suffice. Let it be understood that in all probability the necessary ideas must come from the people themselves.

For this there are inherent reasons which I have discussed in my book "A Plan for Peace." Those in authority are likely to be so much preoccupied with day-to-day problems, so inhibited by tradition, or so apprehensive of being ahead of current opinion that they will be incapable of formulating and advocating the great steps forward in world organization that the atomic age requires.

It is significant how uniformly our official leaders declare the same general goals and how uniformly they fail to formulate concrete ideas or plans to give reality to the avowed purposes. As with one voice all our leaders proclaim their devotion to the cause of peace. They speak eloquently of world justice, of a peaceful world of law and order and the like. They are sincere; but their statements can be searched in vain for any definite or adequate plans, by way of Charter amendment or otherwise, whereby substance can be given to their declared goals.

It is possible that some statesman may emerge at once so enlightened and self-confident that he will give an inspired lead to the world. It is conceivable that such a lead may come from the present Administration in the United States. But we cannot count on it. It is better to assume the normal state of affairs and to realize that our salvation is not primarily or mainly an affair of Presidents, Prime Ministers, or Foreign Offices, but must proceed from ourselves.

Eleventh: Consistently with the preceding point, recognize that those who seek disarmament and peace must, in practice, ultimately work through their respective Governments; and that, while those in authority cannot normally be expected to *initiate* the necessary measures, they will readily *adopt* them if and when there is a sufficiently strong and intelligent public opinion in their support. Consequently, we should recognize the crucial importance of developing a great educational campaign as a result of which influential groups in many countries will press for the necessary measures, including drastic revision of the U. N. Charter.

Twelfth: Oppose all forms of defeatism as to the feasibility of disarmament and world order; realize that the people—the private citizens—are not helpless in this situation. There is no reason to suppose that the peoples the world over will sit supinely by until the bombs begin to drop. While it is true that there is much inertia and fatalism, it is also true that many capable men and women throughout the world are actively working for world order. Their numbers and influence will increase as the weapons become still more deadly and the arms race continues.

Those who are struggling for world order under law must indeed have intelligence and skill. But these alone will not suffice. They will also need patience and endurance to keep going in face of all obstacles. It is through a combination of these qualities that the goal can be achieved.

—Grenville Clark.

Good News

▶ Ten English language centers for the training of 1,500 secondary-school-teachers in the teaching of English have been established in Indonesia under the sponsorship of the Ford Foundation and at the request of the government of Indonesia. Says A. I. A. Pesik, Indonesian press officer, "The Indonesian can better manage the powerful bulldozer or hoist and lower the tall crane if he first knows how to read the instruction book." He continued, "The position of the English language in our daily life is of growing importance, and the Government is encouraging the teaching of English on all levels of the educational system."

▶ An International Legal Conference will be held in New Delhi, India, on December 28, with the Chief Justice of India presiding. It will be good news if this group will call firmly and vigorously for the development of true international law. It is already good news to know that the world's lawyers are getting together for discussion of the world's legal problems.

▶ A good use at last has been found for ragweed, trouble-maker for many in the hay-fever season. The Depler brothers of Chillicothe, Md., had a ten-acre field which grew up to ragweed. As an experiment they cut and stacked it. It turned into a rich silage that smelled like licorice. Their cattle liked it so well that they broke down an electric fence to get at it.

▶ In a tiny office, Room 1247, at 695 Park Ave., New York City, volunteer workers sort and classify thousands of letters from all over the world from people seeking Americans with whom to correspond. Perhaps it is an Italian boy who wants to correspond with an "authentic American Indian"; or a Japanese schoolteacher who teaches English and wants to correspond with a young teacher in the States; a Palestinian refugee girl eager to learn English "by writing to an American"; or a British housewife anxious to exchange recipes with an American from the South. Letters Abroad is the organization's name, and what a lot it does to spread world understanding and good will.

But there are right now some 2,000 letters awaiting interested Americans to answer them.

—Donald Harrington.

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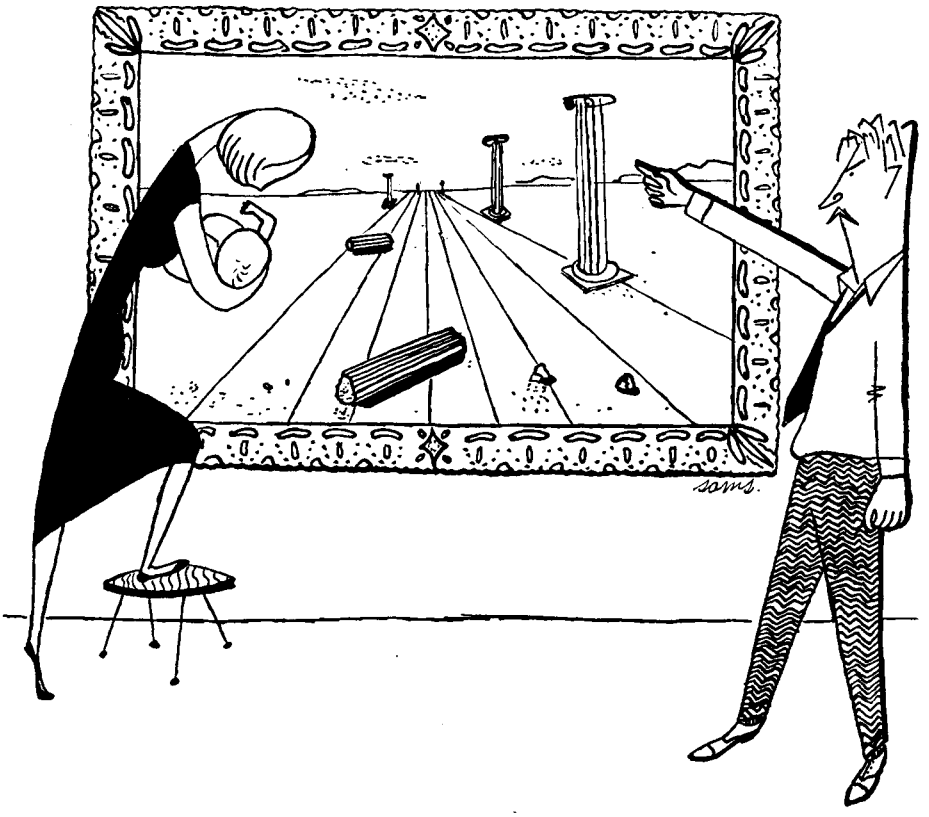
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



VERMONT

IF THE WRITERS who presume to discuss Vermont in *SR* were advised to use a little more care with regard to their facts it might not do any harm.

Mr. Burges Johnson in his article entitled "Vermont the Nonconformed" affirms [*SR* Oct. 24] that "only two states in the Union are smaller than Vermont." From the compendium contained in the current issue of the *World Almanac* (p. 108) it appears that in area—which is what Mr. Johnson apparently refers to—Vermont is not the forty-sixth state but the forty-second, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island all being *smaller; in population Vermont ranks* as the forty-fifth, coming behind New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island but leading Delaware, Wyoming, and Nevada.

In the heading of Mr. Chilton Williamson's discussion of Mrs. Fisher's "Vermont Tradition" this book is spoken of as "an interpretation of life in the Granite State." If Vermont is now the "Granite State" this must be in the nature of a special revelation. Hitherto, so far as my knowledge goes, Vermont has been content to be called the "Green Mountain State," while the name "Granite State" has been recognized as peculiar to New Hampshire. In this the *World Almanac*'s compendium (pp. 160, 168) confirms my understanding. The residents of New Hampshire evidently have the same idea, as appears, for example, from the names of the business concerns listed in the 1953 edition of the *New Hampshire Register:* Granite State Rubber Company, Granite State Free Press, Granite State Specialty Shop, Granite State Fire Insurance Company, Granite State Nurseries, and so on. On this point, however, I do not feel a need to multiply authorities; it so happens that my birthplace in Manchester, New Hampshire, is literally "founded upon a rock," the cellar having been blasted out of the granite ledge.

I do not pretend, of course, that either of these points is in itself of importance. When, however, writers make such slips with regard to rather elementary facts one can hardly help wondering how far their comments on "the weightier matters of the law" may be relied upon.

HAROLD S. DAVIS.

Boston, Mass.

GLOBAL COMMITMENTS

QUINCY HOWE'S ARTICLE "The Last Fifty Years—and the Next" [*SR* Nov. 7] contains a disparaging reference to the doctrine of enlightened self-interest. So far as I know, there is no generally accepted meaning which attaches to "enlightened self-interest." I wonder if it would be possible for you to publish a clarifying note about this term from Mr. Howe.

In another section Mr. Howe warns against extending our commitments if our decline in coming years is not to be as precipitate as our previous ascent. Insofar as "commitments" means military guarantees I suppose Mr. Howe's advice is sound. It may even be possible to avoid commitments to raise living standards in Asia and Africa by pouring out our treasure. But I do not see how we can avoid committing ourselves to the extension of the practical realization of our principles of individual dignity and freedom. A passion for liberty and status is a common denominator of the human race. We ought to know; we have proclaimed this truth for nearly 200 years. But there is no magic fertilizer which we can effortlessly sprinkle over the former subject peoples with the expectation that free, viable societies will result. They desperately need our moral and political help. Unless they get it they will be captured by the Kremlin. The Russians are short on history. They start off with a commitment that envelopes the globe.

GARFIELD R. MORGAN.

Lynn, Mass.

YCLEPT

WELSH PLACE-NAMES may be as amusing as Horace Sutton finds them [*SR* Nov. 21], but at least they ought to be spelled correctly.

"Ystpitty Ystwith" is a poor rendering of the name of the village of Ysbyty Ystwyth. And "Llanfairpwllgwllgwyngyllgogerchwymdrobwlltysiliogogogoch" reduces to mere gibberish the name of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandysiliogogogoch.

This last name, by the way, though it is invariably mentioned as typical of Welsh place-names, is two-thirds an invention designed to attract tourists to an otherwise undistinguished village. In point of fact, few place-names in Wales have more than five or six syllables, and most have fewer.

CADWALADR.

Princeton, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There was no excuse for the misspelling of Ysbyty Ystwyth or Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandysiliogogogoch. We'll do better next time.*

MILLIONS AND BILLIONS

TO SAY THAT JAY GOULD amassed a fortune of "over a billion dollars" as stated in the foreword of Mrs. Seton's "Helen Gould Was My Mother-in-Law" [*SR* Nov. 14] is a gross exaggeration. At the time of Helen Gould Shepard's death the newspapers and magazines were practically unanimous in stating that Jay Gould had left her ten millions in his will and that his total estate was approximately eighty-five millions.

For some years I have sporadically collected material relative to the life and times of Jay Gould, more or less as a hobby, but with an eventual goal of writing a biography. I would appreciate, therefore, hearing from anyone interested in this subject and would welcome comments, appraisals, source material, and the like from those interested in Jay Gould and his era.

JAMES L. VAN ALSTYNE.

Rushville, N.Y.

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Blood, Bulls and the Brave Life

"La Fiesta Brava: The Art of the Bull Ring," by Barnaby Conrad *(Houghton Mifflin. 184 pp. $5),* ***"To the Bullfight," by John Marks*** *(Alfred A. Knopf. 147 pp. $3), and* ***"The Running of the Bulls," by Homer Casteel*** *(Dodd, Mead. 143 pp. $4), are three new books that, through word and picture, explain the art and communicate the feeling of the ancient Spanish ritual of blood and death. Below they are reviewed by William D. Patterson, an* aficionado de los toros *from 'way back.*

By William D. Patterson

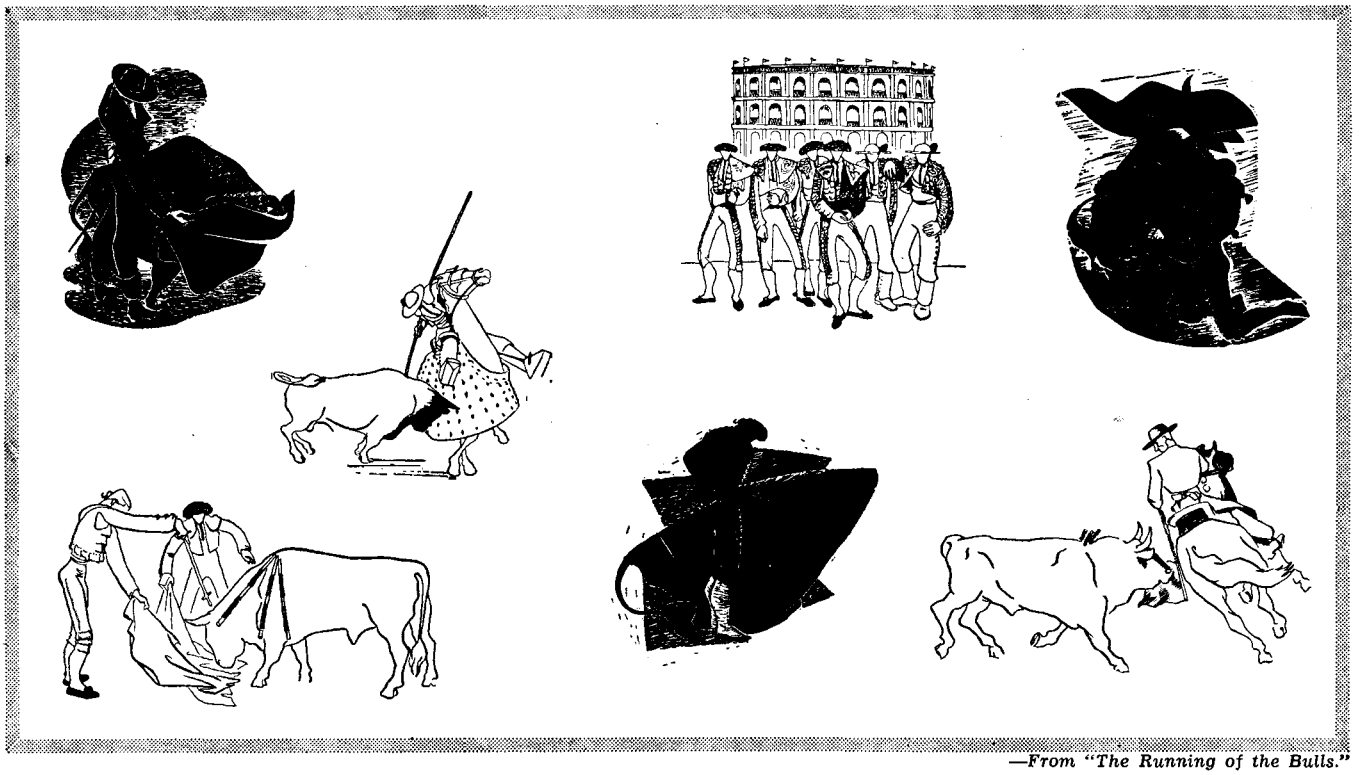
IT IS a curious phenomenon that a substantial body of literature is growing up in English around bullfighting, a Spanish ritual of blood and death, courage and art, which to the Anglo-Saxon world is as controversial as it is spectacular. Despite the outcries of the foes and critics of the *corrida de toros,* it has continued to exercise a strong attraction for the Anglo-Saxon imagination, as evidenced by recent successful movies and by a stream of books, both fiction and general, here and abroad.

The bullfight is part of our Mediterranean heritage, but it flowered in Spain because there were found the savage bulls so essential to the unique blend of danger and art that comprise the ceremonial ballet that is bullfighting. Spanish *toros de lidia* have the same relationship to domestic American bulls that a tiger has to a kitten, or a cobra to a garter snake. These wild animals have on occasion killed lions, tigers, and elephants in staged combats.

Certainly no tourist in Spain, Mexico, or Peru, where the *corrida* is preserved in its purest form, should fail to see at least one bullfight in order to experience—or suffer—the tremendous emotion this spectacle can generate. Whether revolted or fascinated, the spectator at a bullfight will not soon forget what he has seen. But he should also understand it. To that end he should read something about the bullfight before attending one. There are a number of fine books, old and new, which will help him, but both the loyal *aficionado de los toros* and the uninformed tourist are particularly fortunate because lately there has been published a truly notable book in this field.

The book is "La Fiesta Brava: The Art of the Bull Ring," by Barnaby Conrad, who a year ago wrote the best-selling novel "Matador." "La Fiesta Brava" is a straightforward history and analysis of the technique of fighting bulls, but it is superbly written, accurate, and eloquent, and illustrated with undoubtedly the greatest collection of photographs of the brave bulls—from their life on the ranch to their death in the bull ring at the hands of the matador—that has ever been assembled between the covers of any book. By any standard this is a beautiful, moving book.

Mr. Conrad not only knows his subject well, but clearly is attuned to the "emotions" and fantastic depth of feeling and excitement that the ritual of the bulls can communicate to the beholder. In this book he lives up to the aim that Cossio, the great Spanish historian of the bulls, set for himself in his own monumental volume: "He who would understand the



—From "The Running of the Bulls."

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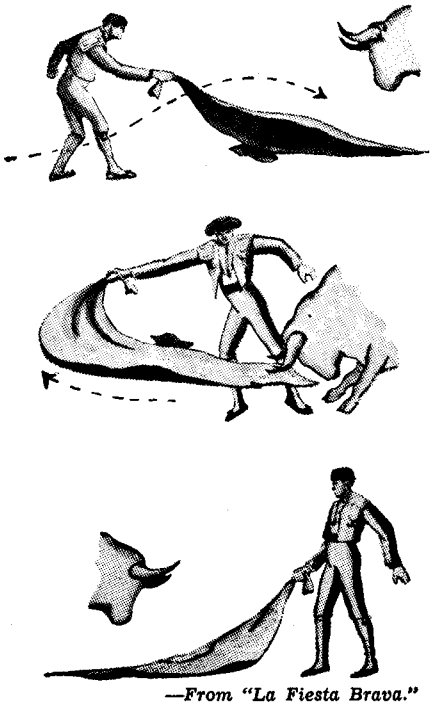
purpose of this book should take into consideration that the festival of bullfighting is not merely a pastime debatable from moral, pedagogical, esthetic, and sentimental points of view, but must accept that it is a fact of profound meaning in the Spanish way of life and possessing roots so deep that there is no social or artistic activity, from the language to industry or commerce, where traces of it cannot be found."

At the end Mr. Conrad helps the reader to accept and understand the facts of Spanish life referred to by Cossio, a fact which has so baffled and exasperated non-Latin visitors to Spain and Mexico.

Two other books have also been published recently which the American tourist or bullfight fan (or foe) will find interesting and informative.

One is "To the Bullfight," by John Marks, which with words and a fine series of photographs carries the reader through the history and technique of the bullfight. The author, himself an Englishman, has little patience for those Anglo-Saxon critics of the brutality of the bullfight who condone the hunting of the fox or the killing of deer. He covers both Spain and Mexico in his evaluation of bulls and matadors.

Possibly one of the clearest expositions of the actual art of dominating a wild bull with nothing more than a cape or muleta is found in "The Running of the Bulls," a new book by a young American artist, Homer Casteel, who has not only written the text but illustrated it with fine, detailed drawings.



—From "La Fiesta Brava."

The Doubling.

NEW EDITIONS

Svidrigaylov and the Butchers

RECENTLY I have been reading two new English versions of two famous novels—Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment" (Oxford, $3.75), translated by Jessie Coulson, and Stendhal's "Scarlet and Black" (Penguin, 85¢), translated by Margaret R. B. Shaw—and comparing them with translations that have long held the field. Mrs. Coulson's work reads well, in the main; she has spelled out at least one word and one phrase that Constance Garnett apparently considered indelicate enough to require euphemisms; she has made Svidrigaylov cross the Tuchkov Bridge in the right direction (Mrs. Garnett wrongly thought he was headed back towards the mainland); and she often seems to have been more literal than her predecessor. But her phrases are sometimes clumsier or more obscure than Mrs. Garnett's; and the latter, on the whole, comes off from the comparison very well. Margaret Shaw, on the other hand, with a completely satisfying translation, scores a clear win over C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, who too frequently chopped up Stendhal's sentences to suit his own convenience.

As Mirsky has said, Dostoievsky's novels have already been read in at least four different ways since their first appearance; and I think it is about time for a competent critic to study them again, with a view to establishing their value for English-readers in the middle of the twentieth century. To touch here on only a single point, a strong argument could be advanced to prove that the last fourth of "Crime and Punishment" is seriously disappointing. The time that the author spends towards the last with Svidrigaylov (perhaps with the idea of sustaining suspense and increasing tension) is both artistically wasteful and annoying; and the practical disappearance from the stage of Porfiry Petrovich is a grave fault, for the whole novel has built towards a climactic scene between him and Raskolnikov that should have been written. If Dostoievsky deliberately made the manner of Raskolnikov's confession anticlimactic, he lost more than he gained. Stendhal's fiction, too, stands in need of revaluation; but his most fervent admirers would, of course, settle for nothing less than the flat statement that "The Red and the Black" (I prefer this translation of the title) is the greatest novel ever written.

"Little Dorrit" ($3) has been added to the New Oxford Illustrated Dickens, with an introduction in which Lionel Trilling gives his reasons for rating the novel far higher than it is usually rated; and Doubleday has published "Bleak House" ($5), with an introduction by Donald Friede, as the first of a series of Centennial Editions. But possible buyers of the latter should be warned that it has been "Arranged for Modern Reading." In other words, it has been cut with a butcher's knife. Surely this is a strange way of honoring a great novel on its 100th birthday, and one can only say, "There ought to be a law!" Oxford has also added "Barchester Towers," (2 vols, $6), its author's best-known book, to the Oxford Trollope Crown Edition, a growing series designed to make every Trollopian's mouth water with desire.

Philip Duschenes has imported four more of the attractive London Folio Society books—Norman Douglas's "In the Beginning" ($3.75), in which the erudite, urbane author had slightly naughty fun with gods and goddesses and scrambled mythology; "Plain or Ringlets" ($6), by Surtees, which gives me an excuse to spend more time in armchair hunting with a writer who serves me well in moments of relaxation; "Eugénie Grandet" ($3.75), Balzac's most restrained, most delicately shaded masterpiece; and Fielding's "Joseph Andrews" ($5), literature's most famous example of a book that began as a joke and made its readers take it seriously.

New Heritage Press Books ($5 each)—always a lot for the money—include Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein," which should be read by all who still confuse man with monster; Dryden's translation of Virgil's "Georgics," a grand reading edition; Edward Garnett's abridgment of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," introduced by T. E. Lawrence; and Byron's "Don Juan," the cleverest, gayest long poem ever written. Illustrations by fine artists enhance all these books, those of Edy Legrand being notable as evocations of the desert and the Arab world.

Also recommended: Conrad's "Tales of Land and Sea" (Hanover House, $2.95); "Kon-Tiki" (Garden City, $1).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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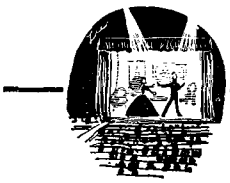
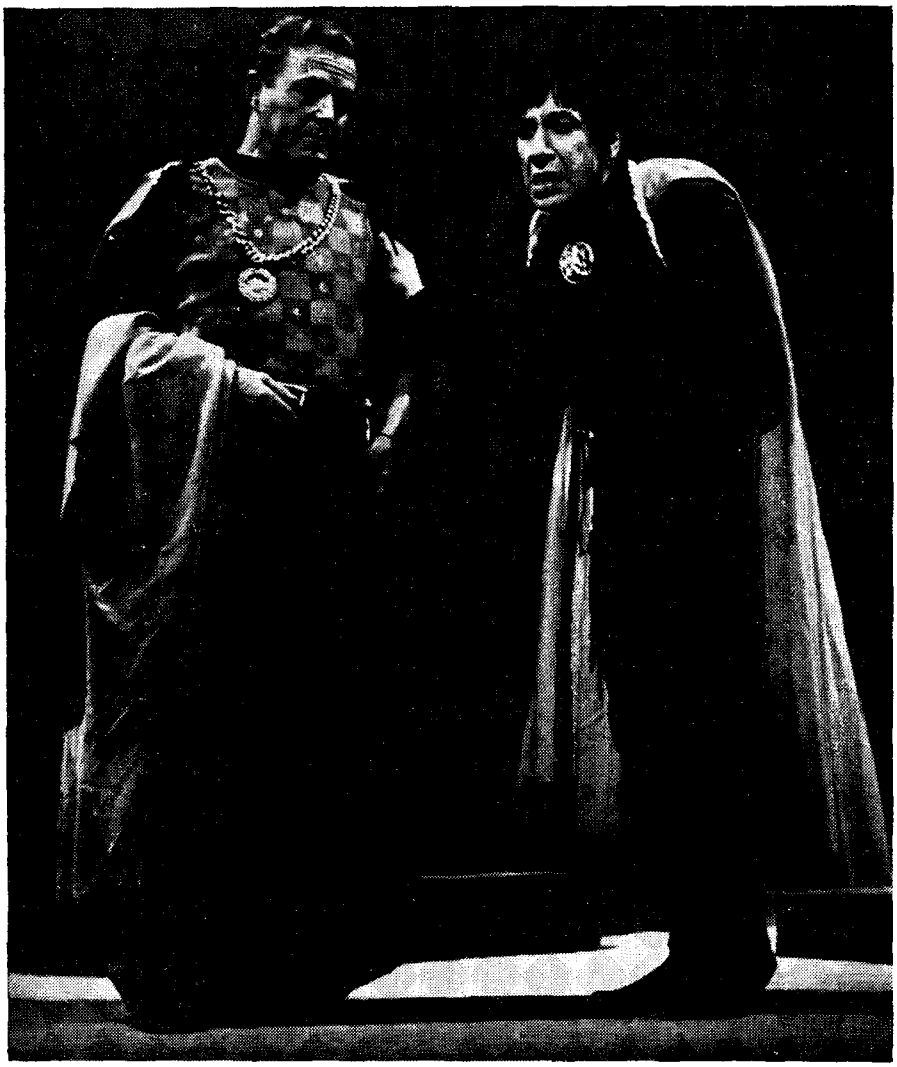


BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Happy Hunchback



". . . some analogy to the political atmosphere of today."

SINCE JOSE FERRER has already given us a merry Cyrano, it should come as no shock to find him playing Shakespeare's Richard III as a jolly and contented cutthroat. Yet it does. For not only did Mr. Ferrer make a passing good Iago some years back, but he is a man with more than enough intelligence to realize that there is a great deal more to Richard than he is currently bothering to find in the role.

This production begins by pointing a parallel. A swastika, a hammer-and-sickle, and other totalitarian symbols are projected against the background of the Tower of London to warn us that the pattern of Shakespeare's story bears some analogy to the political atmosphere of today; superstition, the fear of crossing the path of a public figure whose power is increasing, and corrupt choosing of allies are still rampant. Richard is the one person who can thrive in such an atmosphere, because he is daringly cold-blooded, because he can dissemble at ease, and because he has a sense of humor.

Mr. Ferrer gets this part of the role across by neglecting the flesh-and-blood aspects of the character. Looking like a cross between Theodore and Dracula, he delivers an abridgment of the famous opening soliloquy with little regard for metrical or musical values. The result is a strange lack of sympathy with Richard for his misshapen birth. With Mr. Ferrer it is simply a logical reason for his behavior, rather than the burning source of superhuman power that Richard needs. Thus his successful wooing of Lady Anne, whose husband he has killed, becomes a dilletante exercise, and her quick capitulation lacks credibility. Matters are not helped by Maureen Stapleton, who, wearing an absurd hat, plays Anne in a raucous earthy manner that blends poorly with Mr. Ferrer's matter-of-fact Richard. The play then enters the tangled realm of court intrigue, which director Margaret Webster has simplified by enclosing a royal lineage chart in the program. I'm afraid, however, that unless the events of "Henry VI" are fresh in your mind the precise nature of the enmities between Richard and his victims will remain vague. It suffices to know that all those who stand between Richard and his advancing fortune must be sacrificed no matter whether they love him or despise him.

Miss Webster indicates the oppressive circumstances that attend Richard's rise to power by introducing a corps of black-shirted NKVD men who menace the citizenry as they discuss the bloody happenings. While this dramatizes the peril to free speech, it is probably less effective than the following soliloquy which Shakespeare meant his audience to reflect upon internally:

> Here is the indictment of the good
> Lord Hastings . . .
> And yet within these five hours
> Hastings lived,
> Untainted, unexamined, free at
> liberty.
> Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross
> That cannot see this palpable device?
> Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
> Bad is the world: and all will come to naught,
> When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

Fortunately, in present-day America there are many bold enough to say they see through the devices used by fanatic indicters. Yet do we not, just as the speaker of Shakespeare's lines, wonder why these indicters continue to use such transparent tactics, and we worry that the general mass of people has either been duped, or if not duped is at least willing not to protest or investigate matters for themselves. The villain is not Richard III, Margaret Webster's band of storm-troopers, or their modern counterparts. Rather it is public apathy and lack of responsible leadership.

But the attempt to point this parallel falls victim of something else besides explicit devices. Mr. Ferrer decides to have some fun by playing the scene in which Richard hypocritically pretends to refuse the crown as if he were playing Molière. In fact, his in-

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terpretation would be a bit broad even for that satirist. While good for laughs, it removes the last vestige of audience interest in the character. The continuing murders, the hallucinations, and Richard's ratlike death at the hands of the devout Earl of Richmond only serve to spin out the residue of Shakespeare's tale "for our information."

Of the supporting cast, Vincent Price injects a nice touch of weakness into the greedy Buckingham; Jesse Royce Landis plays Queen Elizabeth with more nobility than is found in most of the other performances. Douglas Watson appears a good Richmond, though his corn-pone voice continues to play him false a bit; and Kendall Clark is memorable as Tyrell, the conscience-stricken murderer of the Princes in the Tower. Richard Whorf's scenery has the kind of nonspecific simplicity that suits Shakespeare best, and Margaret Webster keeps the heavily populated proceedings from ever becoming tedious.

The faults of this Richard III can be partially attributed to the brief two-week rehearsal period at City Center. This may indeed excuse Mr. Ferrer from not trying something more ambitious. But his performance augments the growing danger that this talented and dynamic man of the theatre is somehow going to spend his career as a jack-of-all-parts. Certainly he is no master of this one.

DURING New York's recent newspaper strike a strange event occurred. "Kismet," a frenetic *olla podrida* of "bangles, baubles, and beads," opened to the mild displeasure of most of the daily reviewers. Under ordinary conditions these reviewers' unenthusiastic opinions would have been printed the

The Unmarked Casket

O'NEILL, EUGENE. The Euthanasia Society of America records with deep sorrow the death of a valued member of its Advisory Council, and extends heartfelt sympathy to his family.
—*New York Herald Tribune, Nov. 29, 1953.*

UNDER a cold and bleak December sun, the body of Eugene O'Neill, hailed as the greatest of American dramatists, was placed yesterday in a plot of ground he himself selected for his last resting place in Forest Hills Cemetery.

Only three mourners stood at the edge of the grave. They were his wife, the former Carlotta Monterey; his physician, Dr. Harry L. Kezel; and the nurse who attended him in his extended last illness.

There were no formal prayers. Even the sounds coming across the cemetery from distant traffic were muted. Just as the plain black casket was about to be lowered into the grave the heads of his widow, his physician, and his nurse bowed forward, as though in momentary prayer.

A funeral director's assistant stepped forward and placed a single spray of white chrysanthemums on the casket and then the three mourners turned and walked to the automobile.

Not a word was spoken. No hymns were sung. Mrs. O'Neill wore simple black clothing, with no mourning veil. She was pale and appeared without makeup. There seemed to be tiny lines of grief about her eyes and mouth. No tears showed in her eyes.

Some day, it was disclosed, a simple headstone bearing only the name "O'Neill" will be placed on the grave.

Thus, to the letter, will be observed the stern orders Eugene O'Neill had issued for the disposition of his body.

Originally the funeral had been scheduled for 10:45 a. m. It was nearly an hour before that, however, that the two-car cortege—the hearse and the automobile carrying the three mourners—left the J. S. Waterman and Sons, Inc., Funeral Home, on Commonwealth Avenue, near Kenmore Square.

As the two vehicles threaded their way through traffic to Forest Hills no one paid attention. It was barely necessary to slow down to permit the hearse to pass through; for a hearse and just another automobile hardly appeared to be a funeral cortege and motorists at that hour of the day seemed to be bent only on getting where they were going.

No one among the motorists knew that millions all over the world had watched and thrilled to the plays which had come from his pen from his early days amid sand dunes in Provincetown until illness made him a man apart from others. No one knew the hearse carried the last remains of a man who had thrice won the coveted Pulitzer Prize.

No one knew that the unmarked casket behind the black drapes of the hearse was exactly what one of the greatest contemporary writers had ordered for himself in the last bleak years of his life.

Thus, was the funeral of the man someone once called "The Poet Laureate of Gloom."

—From a news account in *The Boston Post*, Dec. 3, 1953.

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next day and $429,000 worth of musical show would have ridden a very unmagic carpet out of the Ziegfeld's back door. However, in their frantic efforts to get any publicity at all for their play press-agents Barry Hyams and Marty Schwartz turned to television. To everyone's surprise, a few informal and friendly discussions of the show's virtues and faults aroused so much interest in "Kismet" that the day after the opening saw theatregoers buying $17,000 worth of tickets to establish a new house record for the Ziegfeld Theatre. Since nothing succeeds like success, this record was lifted to $19,000 on the following day despite a pouring rain.

These facts are very pleasant for the musical's large cast and I wish them all well. Nevertheless, I hesitate to recommend "Kismet" to the meticulous and the discerning. It threads the romantic old Edward Knoblauch play with an overburdening weight of exotic costumes, borrowed Alexander Borodin music, some occasionally lovely but frequently agglomerate Arabian settings by Lemuel Ayers, and hordes of brassiere-bursting young ladies accompanied by a sprinkling of obviously athletic young men. The result is a hard-working adventure extravaganza about a beggar's uncomplicated daughter who survives the hustle and bustle to go on and marry a similarly uncomplicated young caliph. There is nothing wrong with the story, but this version never stops long enough to acquire the magic of a "South Pacific" or the personality of a "Pal Joey." Instead we have that menacing ingredient known as "pace." With pace, the audience at "Kismet" is given no time for reflection, and pleasure is accomplished by forced feeding.

To be fair to the participants, Alfred Drake manages to take much of the curse off his material. He plays Hajj, the suddenly elevated beggar, as if he were constantly surprised he could get away with it. Doretta Morrow and Richard Kiley make a handsome romantic couple, and Joan Diener is amusingly concupiscent as the Wazir's faithless wife. In addition, Jack Cole has fashioned some skilful exercises that lampoon the traditional Eastern dances. In fact, the moments when "Kismet" comes most alive are those when it satirizes the garish operetta it for the most part itself is. But "Kismet" suffers from the old malady of trying to have its cake and eat it, too, though at the moment it seems to be denying the proverb, frosting and all.

—HENRY HEWES

Ten Best in '53

THERE is something neat and satisfying about the "ten best" lists that turn up regularly in critical columns about this time of the year. The palms are presented to ten films (or plays or records or books), and there is the unfortunate but inevitable implication that a vast chasm lies between the chosen few and all the rest. Actually, this is so rarely the case that most critics are apt to suffer real conscience qualms over films eleven and twelve—even, in a good year like 1953, over films thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen. What of a picture like "Captain's Paradise," with its intriguing dual characterization by the incomparable Alec Guinness? And must we ignore so rollicking a musical as "Call Me Madam," the harsh brilliance of "Stalag 17," the swashbuckling satire of "Fanfan the Tulip," a film with the surge and drama of "The Cruel Sea," that slick and revealing Hollywood self-portrait "The Bad and the Beautiful"? Each contributed importantly to the stature of the movie year just passed. Still, cold logic demands that there be only ten films to any ten-best list.

This column, however, *is* defying convention at least to the extent of listing choices alphabetically instead of in descending order of presumed worth. No doubt wise King Solomon followed a similar system in dealing with his thousand wives. Our ten best, then, in alphabetical order:

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA (Warners) — Sir Laurence Olivier's bold experiment with opera on the screen, a difficult wedding of the arts at best but carried off here in fine, vigorous style by director Peter Brook. Not the least of its novelties was Sir Laurence's singing as the indomitable Captain Mac-Heath.

THE CONQUEST OF MOUNT EVEREST (U. A.) — This documentary of the recent British expedition is as breathtaking in its sweep, as impressive in its conception as the expedition itself. Hollis Alpert will write of this film at greater length in a future issue of *SR*.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY (Columbia)— James Jones's bitter novel of pre-Pearl Harbor Army life translated into a vivid, anti-militarist film through superb scripting, Fred Zinnemann's skilled and subtle direction, and memorable performances from Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (Lopert-U. A.) — A sumptuous and polished film biography that holds to the facts with remarkable fidelity while adroitly slipping in generous samplings from the Savoyards' repertory as performed by the D'Oyly Carte company. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans obviously relish the title roles.

JULIUS CAESAR (M-G-M)—This American version of the Shakespeare play is always more cinematic, and for the most part as well acted as anything that has come from our British cousins. Joseph Mankiewicz has faced up to the problems of translating "Caesar" to the screen, not merely in spectacular battle scenes and court pageants, but throughout the entire film. Even where he failed he was interesting.

JUSTICE IS DONE (Burstyn)—A stirring French drama that touched, incidentally, on the ethics of euthanasia, more profoundly on the question of whether any group of individuals, each swayed by his own prejudices and predilections, can ever administer pure justice. Perhaps the most truly adult film of the year.

LILI (M-G-M)—A winning and heartwarming little musical with a French carnival background and Leslie Caron as an orphaned ugly duckling who gets on better with puppets than with people. A bit too sentimental for some tastes, my colleague's included, but a distinctive departure from the glittery, multimillion dollar musical bores.

A QUEEN IS CROWNED (U-I) — The pageant of the Coronation, vividly photographed in Technicolor and shaped, through Christopher Fry's lyric narration, into an inspiring reexamination of the origins and traditions of a people. Almost as remarkable as the film itself is the fact that it was shown throughout the United States within days of the event.

ROMAN HOLIDAY (Paramount) — William Wyler, bursting out of the studios into the sparkling sunlight of Rome, proved that a good director can take the hoariest of plots and turn it into delightful entertainment simply by making his characters believable

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Directed by CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
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"Christmas U. S. A."
Merry holiday spectacle produced by Leonidoff with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble and Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

and human. Audrey Hepburn's high spirits and charm were not the least of this film's assets.

SHANE (Paramount) — A traditional Western that towers above most other films in this genre not only through sheer size, but more importantly because its script actually gets behind that tradition to reveal the motivations and drives of the American pioneer. Sensitively directed and stunningly photographed in the Grand Teton country.

SO FAR as performances go, aside from those already noted above, this report would be incomplete without reference to John Gielgud's distinguished Cassius, or Niall MacGinnis's powerful and dramatic projection of "Martin Luther," or without recalling Michelle Morgan's taut, intense portrait of *déclassée* nobility in the "Pride" sequence from "Seven Deadly Sins." As a film report it would be less than complete without mention of such films as "Mandy," "Bright Road," "Little Fugitive," "Strange Deception," and "I Believe in You"—pictures that rarely end up on anybody's ten best list but, because they try in small and special ways to do something different and interesting, add distinction to any movie year. The emergence of Walt Disney's splendid "True Life Adventure" series into the field of feature entertainment with "The Living Desert" should also be noted — perhaps even the several, less successful imitations of his methods ("The Sea Around Us," "Song of the Land") that indicate a new trend in movies. And, of course, there must be a special word of appreciation to UPA for the unfailing delight of their civilized cartoons. If any must be singled out for special mention it would be their urbane adaptation of Thurber's "Unicorn in the Garden" and their imaginative rendering of Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart."

Nor can 1953 be allowed to pass without some reference to the crushing impact of 3-D. After all, it was only last April when the major studios began to cash in on the bonanza uncovered a short time earlier by "B'wana Devil." In the nine months that followed the new dimension — any new dimension — has become the watchword of the industry. Theatres without 3-D have simply widened their screens. (One house proudly announces that it is presenting its pictures now on "the new Cinematic Screen.") And Twentieth Century-Fox this fall added considerably to the chaos by introducing its super-wide-screen CinemaScope (which anyone with 20-20 vision can "see without glasses.") Unfortunately, to date none of the pictures produced for any of these processes has been nearly as spectacular as the publicity that heralded the processes themselves. Maybe next year?

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Swimming Horses

By Kate Beston

NEVER forget that horses first of all
came from the sea. They, at Poseidon's bidding,
gentle and wild, with hearts pounding like surf,
rose, shaking the thick foam from their manes,
and came, running on dark, dripping hoofs,
into the streets of Athens.

Even now
horses when swimming are returned awhile
to their own element. The sea that enfolds them
gives back their earliest grace. They rise like dolphins,
cleaving the spume and straining with arched forelegs.
They crest each wave and sink into each trough,
deep in the shining, shifting, tender sea.

Man on the shore can only stand and wonder
at this strange unity of water and blood.
Even when riding, feeling the great surges
of the wet back under his thighs, feeling the water
slapping his stiffened legs, even when entering
a moment in that kingdom, he can only
watch the blood leaping in the throbbing veins
and cannot hear, beating beneath his knee,
the breaking waves that crash within those hearts,
and cannot see, deep in the pitted nostrils,
the swirling currents of a boundless ocean.

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Apologia

THE last time I was around here I wrote a miserable, though entertaining, piece about how many good things there are to be found on television if one but took the time to find them and fie on those intellectual snobs who delight in saying, "I don't own a television set."

One of the items I was rhapsodic about was the original dramatic plays written for television by a crop of new, young playwrights who are cautiously but surely being recognized by the Broadway theatre. One of the biggest hits on Broadway now is "Dial M for Murder," which was originally a television show in England. "The Trip to Bountiful," originally a television play here by Horton Foote, though short-lived in the local theatre, could have been a hit had its wispy story been worked into something a little more than the delightful mood piece it was on the Philco Hour. "Marty" and "The Bachelor Party," both by Paddy Chayefsky, should be on their way to Broadway and should do well. "P.O.W." by David Davidson, on the United States Steel Hour, was another item Broadway could do with in these lean days. And there have been others.

But I want to apologize to any intellectual snob who might have been so convinced by my sophomoric jabbering about the glories of television that he went and bought himself a set and then accidentally tuned in two half-hour dramatic plays presented a day or two after I spoke my piece. I refer to two cathode cathartics respectively titled "The Closed Door" and "Home Is Where Love Is."

Let us take "The Closed Door" first, a half-hour of froth brewed up by Schlitz Beer, the only item about the production which seemed to have a head on it. This was the confounding story of an extremely wealthy tycoon who lived alone in a big house and who suddenly found himself locked in his library unable to open the door and go out into the world.

The door was really not locked. The old tycoon's doctor opened it with a simple flick of the wrist. The butler opened it just as easily. Only the business tycoon could not open it. The doctor diagnosed it as a psychological block of some sort, which was later explained more fully by the arrival of a family of fruit pickers who had been caught in a rainstorm, a mother, a father, a young girl of about ten, and an infant who had a temperature and was soaked through from the rain. They wanted shelter.

The tycoon didn't want any part of the intruders, but the doctor took charge and told the old tycoon that the infant would die of exposure if it didn't receive medical care. So while the fruit pickers were put up in an upstairs bedroom the wealthy tycoon was going slightly crazy trapped in his library playing with his psychological blocks. He was about to shoot himself when in came the ten-year-old girl. She took a fancy to a silver tray and offered to trade the old gent some marbles she had. This dialogue wound up with the old man admitting he had never owned any marbles.

At any rate, in very short order—no longer than it takes for two commercials—the old tycoon had taken a fancy to the ten-year-old fruit picker. And when the child seemed about to walk out of his life the old tycoon ran after her, opening the door which had been closed to him, and the psychological block was gone.

In retrospect I feel that perhaps I sneer unjustly at the old tycoon's psychological block. I remember now I tried several times in vain to get up out of my chair and turn off the set. I, too, no doubt have never quite had all my marbles.

The other half-hour, which did not follow "The Closed Door" but which I discovered by some carefully-thought-out selective dialing, was called "Home Is Where Love Is." This had to do with a wealthy couple who were always fighting because the husband drank too much, and a young handsome couple who should have been fighting because they had too little, but were quite happy despite the fact that the young handsome husband was the chauffeur of the wealthy couple who were always fighting.

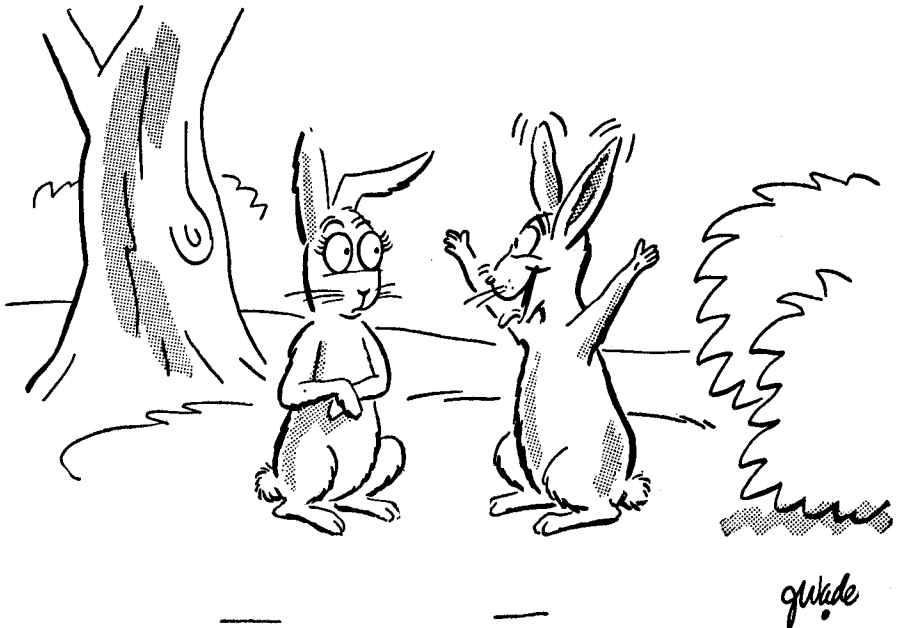
Well, it came to pass that the wealthy couple went to Florida for the winter. This was just before Thanksgiving. And this gave the young chauffeur a chance to give his young handsome wife a taste of the better life by taking her and her sister up to the country place owned by the people he worked for. They were about to sit down to their Thanksgiving dinner when who should walk in but the wealthy wife. Her husband had drunk too much and she walked out on him.

Naturally she was quite upset with her chauffeur's having taken over the country home and moved in his wife and sister-in-law, but when the chauffeur explained he did it because he loved his wife the wealthy lady insisted they stay. To show their appreciation the chauffeur and his wife invited the wealthy lady to stay and have dinner with them. With tears in her eyes she accepted, because, as she adroitly put it I thought, home is where love is.

It was presented by Campbell Soups. Capsule criticism: "Hm-hm, bad. Hm-hm, bad. That's what 'Home Is Where Love Is'—hm—hm, bad."

Any intellectual snob want to buy a television set cheap?

—GOODMAN ACE.



"But that's all we're *supposed* to think about."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Don Giovanni" Under Difficulties—A Sumptuous Ninth

ALL that keeps this year's "Don Giovanni" at the Met from being described as a new production is, apparently, that Conductor Max Rudolf is using the same old baton. Virtually all of the old Joseph Urban production has been laid to rest (save a backdrop or two, and some bits of costuming). In its place we have that bane of banes a unit set, created by Charles Elson, with stage direction by Dino Yannapoulos and musical direction, as mentioned above, by Max Rudolf.

It would be a mistake to evaluate this "Don Giovanni" in terms of its one controversial element, the unit set, because I think that Nicola Rossi-Lemeni is going to go on singing the Don when it is but a memory, and the new Ottavio, Cesare Valletti, may well be in for a long period of service, too. Margarete Harshaw is a powerful if rather forbidding Donna Anna, Eleanor Steber sang the quieter music of Elvira beautifully while pushing her voice cruelly for other parts of it, and Roberta Peters was as delectable a Zerlina as Lorenzo Alvary a well-battered bridegroom (Masetto).

Rossi-Lemeni's Don has few prepossessing factors in his favor, for he does not dress the part too well, and his wig and makeup contribute little to a believable impersonation. However, he has a superb sense of repose in the role—a valid way of doing it as London's totally different vibrant way is also valid—and a highly informed way of vocalizing the music. Recitative and aria, solo and ensemble flow smoothly into each other in an encompassing sense of line both unusual and satisfying. One hearty vote here for the sensitivity and fervor of Rossi-Lemeni's Don, and a pronounced confidence in its capacity for development. As for Valletti, he was in everything but name a different singer from the one I happened to hear in Aix last summer as Almaviva in "Il Barbiere." On present, rather than past, evidence he is a lyric tenor of sufficient power to register in the Metropolitan, with a musician's concept of phrasing and a more manly bearing than most Ottavios can muster. It is a useful rather than a sonorous voice, but highly apropos to this usage.

As played in the unit set this "Don Giovanni" had more pace, continuity, and musical logic than any predecessor production for years. Stage waits were at a minimum, and the fluid, unsensational, but meaningful direction of Rudolf conveyed a very considerable amount of the pleasure-content of the score to the listening ear. Considering the action as an entity apart from the stage set, I would say it is the most creditable thing Yannapoulos has done at the Metropolitan—excepting the miserable travesty that all stage directors seem inclined to make of the episode in which Don Giovanni serenades Elvira, while Leporello mimics his action. Here, patently, Mozart is sympathizing musically with Elvira, and to make a farce of it is to violate the poignant accent of the sounds that are heard, merely for a few cheap laughs.

This particular unit set, which features a steeply curving incline that makes a kind of U-turn from the spectators' right across the stage and back again, has nothing but economy to commend it. It violates an essential stage principle in being neither an illusion in itself nor permitting the individual to create his own illusion. It tries to be too many things too much of the time, and no one thing any of the time. There is a kind of tower arrangement at either side, with the one at the left serving, sequentially, as Donna Anna's residence, a part of Don Giovanni's castle, and Donna Elvira's balcony. This is merely symptomatic of the visual confusion introduced at stage center, stage rear, and stage left, where exteriors became interiors and streets became ballrooms in the twinkling of a stage director's eye.

Perhaps Rudolf Bing would argue that everything would be otherwise if money were available to provide Max Rudolf with a new baton and the stage with everything necessary for a proper new production. But what seem in shortest supply in this "Don Giovanni" are imagination and fantasy. I was pleased by the one painted drop before which Zerlina sang "Batti batti" ("Vedrai carino?"), in a suggestion of the facade of the Don's castle. But once it was raised and we were asked to believe that the toboggan slide at the back was some part of a Spanish ballroom I just gave up. I can imagine anything given no assistance; I insist on being baffled when the scenic presentation asks me to believe that black is not only white, but also pink, blue, and magenta. The time has come to ask who approves these ventures and why.

The answer to the foregoing would probably involve the same person responsible for the engagement of Pierre Monteux, who gave another instance of his remarkable talents for conducting opera in "Carmen." Somehow with Monteux in charge one forgets that opera is a form of show business, in a grateful appreciation of the artistry and understanding he brings to the conductor's task. The values seem so right, the results so satisfying that the individual emphases, the cumulative effects that stand out in other men's work are hardly apparent. But when the act or the opera is over one can recall nothing absent, missed, or overlooked. Risë Stevens's Carmen was conscientiously musical, as artificial as ever dramatically, and less pleasant tonally than most times. Richard Tucker responded well to Monteux, but the effect on Frank Guarrera's Escamillo was negligible.

ORCHESTRALLY the event of the week—and of the concert-hall season, for the matter of that—was the sumptuous playing of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. I use "sumptuous" to the exclusion of any other word to honor the superb sonority and texture of the instrumental sound, whether it was the double basses in the first movement, the horns in the scherzo, the woodwind in the slow movements, or the violin choir throughout. Ormandy had his problem in holding firm the rhythm of the opening allegro—who, other than Toscanini, hasn't?—and the figurations of the slow movement variations were not always arranged on the exactly suitable dynamic planes desirable, but it was highly professional work in a score that baffles many who consider "professional" a word of meager approbation.

However, I can't see how any conductor can accomplish an authoritative Ninth when using an English text for the finale. Surely most of us know enough German to follow the sense of this eminently familiar work, and the accents—no matter how cleverly contrived in Henry G. Chapman's English translation—simply do not fall right. Kenneth Smith did a highly convincing bass-baritone solo, and Harold Haugh was the satisfactory tenor. Neither Rita Kolacz (soprano) nor Eunice Alberts (mezzo) could be heard when the ensemble was in full cry. A huge choir from Temple University sang with almost mechanistic accuracy, too much "bearing down" at precalculated points, and a dry rather than resonant tonal production.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Poetry

Continued from page 21

these poems, which may be read with deceptive swiftness, call one back to rereading. Their brevity is illusive, because, in the phrase of Yeats, here is "speech after long silence." Miss Hughes has chosen her words with such care that, fitted into their frameworks, they become doors opening into corridors of further meaning.

So nothing is merely what it seems: the versions of familiar objects which this poet has contemplated become definitions in depth. "The Chair," for example, curves back into time, the while geographical boundaries as well are erased. Family vignettes ("The Bathing," "Father and Son"), a classic elegy ("The Secret"), and "quick" portrait-sketches ("The Choice," "The Idiot," "Humiliation's Man"), all move out of their genres into a world of new experience.

No less successful are the city poems in the latter half of this book. And, one notes, the last lines of nearly all the lyrics in "The Green Loving" have the authentic bite: "The sharp, clean smell of pain"—"He wrought with exquisite fingers / The invisible fabric of not to be"—". . . I, standing where you fell, / Can look on you in quietness / And say, The truth becomes you well"—"Half mad, half understood." But there are *whole* quotable poems.

—Gerard Previn Meyer.

FAMILIARITY PLUS FRESHNESS: A second volume of lyrics by a young Texan poet, Robert Lee Brothers, is **"The Hidden Harp"** (Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, $2). The two divisions of the book, "Of Nature" and "Of Human Nature," display their author's quick and keen emotional awareness, his accurate observation of both the inner and outer landscape and its figures, his compassion and wit. Neither an experimentalist nor a virtuoso, Mr. Brothers follows the conventional patterns of lyric verse, but he invests the familiar forms with an appealing freshness and spontaneity. It is true that various influences are apparent in his work; the portraits of people, often in sonnet form, are sometimes faintly reminiscent of Robinson. They are skilfully drawn, and with more kindliness than acidity. Mr. Brothers does not caricature, though he has a deft humor and an eye for the absurd, as in the sonnet about the pompous Deacon Dulby, who

> . . . when he rumpled up his throat
> To speak, our voices ceased and every grin
> Was tucked into the collar of a coat
> Or turned downward and curled around a chin . . .

And he acknowledges his allegiance to Emily Dickinson frankly, both in a poem dedicated to her and in the unmistakable echoes of her voice in small, concise lyrics and the cryptic line freighted with understatement.

But to whatever inspiration he owes to older poets Mr. Brothers adds his own unmistakable talents. "The Hidden Harp" is the work of a young writer of genuine gifts, a collection of poems which have great charm, and, more than mere charm, a quality of vivid and sensitive perception and poetic insight.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

ODYSSEY OF FREE LOVE: Told swiftly with the breathless pace of brilliant writing, his "travel poem," **"The Dragon and the Unicorn"** (New Directions, $3), is the intellectual Odyssey of the anarchic and amoral modernist Kenneth Rexroth. The symbols in his title represent the antagonisms between man and sin implicit in society.

To Mr. Rexroth the gospel of truth is the act of free love continually consummated; this civilization denies to mankind, and has denied it since the establishment of the Holy Roman Church. "Ancient Hebrew religion," Mr. Rexroth also avows, "was essentially orgiastic." In his wanderings through Europe from Wales to Greece and back home to America Mr. Rexroth describes his erotic adventures with prostitutes and glories in his private infidelities. He injects at respectable distances, say a half-dozen times, a coarse-grained speech. Indeed, he is a disciple of DHL but, unlike Lawrence, he is a nihilist mindful of dangerous totalitarian thinking and action but without a blueprint for man's inheriting the earth.

Apart from its erogenous divagations, the poem written in clipped dimeters and trimeters is a philosophical exegesis of old cultures reexamined in their impact on common humanity. It is this evaluation and the affinity of man's moment on earth to continuing time that Mr. Rexroth is concerned with. It is in the

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SPORTS EXTRA

Here are ten miscellaneous questions each of which involves pastimes and prose, or maybe poetry. For getting six correct answers, the contestant may award himself a split decision, for seven a base on balls, and for eight or better a touchdown. Answers on page 35.

1. In what American novel does the remarkable score of "twenty love" appear in the account of a tennis match, surviving uncorrected in all editions since the original of 1925?
2. Locate the only reference to billiards in Shakespeare.
3. What American novelist, author of a turn-of-the-century best-seller, wrote a manual of archery and served as president of the National Archery Association?
4. When Casey came to bat how many were out, how many on base, and what was the score?
5. Identify the author of the following complete poem, entitled "The Runner":

> On a flat road runs the well-train'd runner;
> He is lean and sinewy, with muscular legs;
> He is thinly clothed—he leans forward as he runs,
> With lightly closed fists, and arms partially rais'd.

6. What 19th-20th century novelist was the son of a professional cricket player?
7. What 19th-20th century novelist, playwright, and essayist owed his education to the prize money won by his father's horse, by name Croaghpatrick?
8. Fill in the name of the character in this extract from an English novel published in the 1850s: "We were presented to Mr. ....., who was standing before the fire, telling Richard how fond he used to be, in his school-time, of football. He was a bright little creature, with a rather large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him."
9. What contemporary American novelist was squash rackets champion of France in 1939?
10. What was "Cashel Byron's Profession"?

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description of little towns haunted by the memory of ancient days that the poem becomes viable. It is in the vignettes of the very important unimportant people that the poem lives.

The introduction of foreign tongues, ancient and modern, without translation will leave the unknowledgeable reader cold. What cabalistic secret does Mr. Rexroth withhold in quoting only the second half of the Tetragrammaton *Yahweh* in Hebrew characters?: "The celestial *vav* will raise up/The terrestrial *hay* into the/Bliss of sexual union."

Mr. Rexroth invests his autobiographical narrative with lyrical dynamism. He concludes philosophical systems and visions of religion "are more or less successful mythological descriptions of knowing, acting, loving." In his journey he has unmasked Mammon and looked upon the face of Apollo. Within him "millions of Troys burn every hour." —I. L. S.

FAIR START: If, as one suspects, **"First Score"** (William-Frederick Press, New York, $2) is a first book of poems then Joseph Hirsh scores, but not too heavily. He is capable of isolating natural phenomena and pinning down the eye's notations from moment to moment: but this capacity is yet to be shown to real advantage.

For one thing, though one can sympathize, in some part, with the intention of his chosen verse-pattern (he breaks up his lines "in consonance with the auditory rather than the visual sense" so that they dribble jaggedly down the page), one doubts that this is the right way to go about it. Surely most readers can perceive pauses without having to have them spelled out in so elementary a fashion. Indeed, were this poet not so intent on the "modern" look he might easily have availed himself of those old-fashioned, yet still usable, points —commas, colons, periods, etc.

Also, Mr. Hirsh would not, in such case, feel the need for sprinkling his otherwise simple (even, on occasion, pastoral-archaic) diction with such contemporary deadwood as "vacuumed," "asepsis," "artifacts," "symbiosts," and "varicosities." Perhaps these words may be naturalized in poetry—but only by a drive that sweeps everything before it to an inevitable close.

This lack—of a powerful drive, a fusing force—may be supplied in Mr. Hirsh's further work. As it stands the value of his often sensitive impressionism tends to dissipate—through the absence of an integrating theme which might keep his diction—and his images—in line.

—G. P. M.

BIOGRAPHY OF OURSELVES: LeRoy Smith, Jr. has written a spiritual biography in **"The Fourth King"** (Macmillan, $2.50), not of one man, but of the eternal Adam, who is ourselves. In this admirably conceived and well-knit collection of poems, Mr. Smith traces his thesis, the long human search for truth and survival, beginning with man's first conception of God, "the seed in the ancient virgin mind," and following throughout the ages his struggles to find his true relationship both to his spiritual and physical world and to that God. If, stated so baldly, it might seem a rather ponderous theme, the poet has not allowed it to be such. With dramatic intensity and skill Mr. Smith portrays his developing Adam in many guises; among others as a conscript in Pharaoh's army, as a Chaldean astronomer looking for signs and portents, as

> ".....that Pharisee who showed the coin to Yeshua..."

as a Roman soldier with a spear, as a man of the Renaissance searching for the symbolic unicorn; as, in our day, one who wishes to

> ".....speak plain to plumbers
> To business men and clerks,
> To every naked man pursued by poverty's
> Wild dogs, to every star-bruised, disillusioned priest,
> Whatever brokenhearted Christ he serves:
>
> With you lie war or peace,
> The building of our arks....
>
> With you, I say, and not
> With your annointed....."

Although a "modern" poet in the best sense of that abused word, Mr. Smith has not forsaken the traditional discipline of form and meter. His technique is sure, and for all its economy and directness it does not lack that magic of phrase and metaphor which is the hallmark of a daring and vigorous poetic imagination. The cumulative effect of the book is impressive; many of the individual poems, which stand by themselves as well as in their larger context, are profoundly arresting. I find "The Fourth King" a volume of genuine distinction, the work of a poet who merits a discriminating audience.

—S. H. H.

SR's Library Poll

THE only book making its debut this week on *SR*'s poll of popular reading tastes in public libraries from coast to coast is André Malraux's "The Voices of Silence," which comes in nineteenth. A history of art and esthetic taste throughout the ages by a distinguished French literary figure, the volume may well be about to repeat the extraordinary success it enjoyed when published in Paris several years ago.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)
5. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
6. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
   by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
7. **Too Late the Phalarope**
   by Alan Paton (F)
8. **The Caine Mutiny**
   by Herman Wouk (F)
9. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
10. **Désirée**
    by Annemarie Selinko (F)
11. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female**
    by Alfred C. Kinsey *et al.* (G)
12. **The Robe**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
13. **The Unconquered**
    by Ben Ames Williams (F)
14. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
15. **The Adventures of Augie March**
    by Saul Bellow (F)
16. **The Heart of the Family**
    by Elizabeth Goudge (F)
17. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
18. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)
19. **The Voices of Silence**
    by André Malraux (G)
20. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N. Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Dallas (Tex.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N. Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D. C.).

* (G) — General
** (F) — Fiction

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

rumors of rape, child violation, and murder, shoots off on wildly melodramatic tangents, starts hares that it does not pursue, and repeatedly rides roughshod over the probable psychological consequences and implications of its action. At the end it is suspended in midair, a ladder leading up to nowhere. —EDMUND FULLER.

MORE ABOUT JALNA: There must be thousands of people all over the world who know much more about the Whiteoak family of Jalna than they do about their own kin, and like them a great deal better, too. A good many years and quite a few books ago Mazo de la Roche began drawing a series of family portraits to which she gave such vitality and individuality that each succeeding generation, each new development in the life on the patriarchal estate are welcomed like news of old friends. Since "Jalna" first appeared she has shuttled back and forth across the years, adding new faces, filling in the background, sketching in a salient facial characteristic handed on from one generation to the next, or throwing into relief new traits and departures from the family traditional type.

"The Whiteoak Brothers" (Little Brown, $3.75) falls chronologically between "The Whiteoak Heritage" and "Jalna" itself. This is not a book of intricate plot or of violent action. Old Adelaide Whiteoak, the matriarch of the clan and still Miss de la Roche's most colorful creation, is in her late nineties, determined to live to be a hundred. Her two sons, five grandsons, and one granddaughter make up the family group. Her married daughter comes from England for a long visit, bringing with her a rather dashing young heiress who immediately sets her cap (exactly as her hostess had planned) for Rennie, the

eldest Whiteoak grandson. Eden, third of the grandsons, who is somewhat apathetically applying himself to the study of law, but whose real talents are devoted to his poetry, involves a great many of his family in a highly secret speculation in gold-mining shares. The season on the great Canadian farm turns through its appointed course, inevitably affecting, directly or indirectly, the family in the great manor house; the real preoccupation of the Whiteoaks, the trading and sale, breeding and training of horses has its usual ups and downs. In short, "The Whiteoak Brothers," rather than adding any new figures to the family group or presenting them in dramatic action, is more a series of studies, filling in the highlights and shadows here, accenting color there, underlining some indication of things to come.

Miss de la Roche not only has the faculty of making her characters live —and linger—in her reader's imagination, but she manages with most adroit skill to convey the necessary background, so that new readers are caught up with what is necessary for them to know without being conscious of a laborious briefing.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

VANITIES OF 1750: There is a passage in Samuel Shellabarger's new historical pageant, **"Lord Vanity"** (Little, Brown, $3.95), from which he derives its title. He is writing of the mid-eighteenth century and puts these words in the mouth of his heroine's father—a man who had been drawn to Rousseau but has rejected him. "Christianity did not become the official religion of Europe merely on the strength of lip service. Such words as charity, repentance, and honor once had a real meaning. They reflected an integrity, a spiritual core, which has vanished. And I am one who holds that the spirit is more than meat; that a man, a nation, a millennium, grows and is strong, or declines and perishes, in proportion to the spiritual content of each. But when nothing spiritual remains, what is left to man but the worship of vanity? Lord Vanity rules our present world. — But these are deep waters."

The pity is that Dr. Shellabarger seems to have concurred that the waters were too deep—not because he could not swim in them if he would, but because he has manufactured this product for an audience which he believes does not wish to undertake such a ducking. The passage quoted is a rare vein.

As a result, "Lord Vanity" remains a tale which will be rather insipid except to those who are hardened addicts of costume romance. It begins in the social whirl of that period in Venice of which Shellabarger remarks that it was "expending in fireworks the toil and treasure of Venice's thousand years."

Here we meet our hero, young Richard Morandi, musican and actor, protegé of the dramatist Goldoni. Richard is the illegitimate son of Lord Marny, an English nobleman of great wealth and diplomatic eminence. Inevitably, from the sometime scorns of his lowly position, Richard rises to the status of an acknowledged son, in the course of adventures that take him into the high places of England and France, and even to battle in the forces of General Wolfe, at Quebec.

His romantic orbit circles dual suns —the lovely but licentious Countess des Landes and the dancer Maritza Venier, chaste but unconventional, due to an education partly under the influence of Rousseau's theories.

"Lord Vanity" shares the peculiarity of Dr. Shellabarger's other popular books. Though he will not tell a story of any solid substance, nevertheless, behind his pastries lies an unusual wealth of interesting and authentic period details which spring from his background of genuine scholarship.

—E. F.

YOUNG SCOT IN LONDON: D. E. Stevenson's twenty-seventh novel, **"Five Windows"** (Rinehart, $3), is her typical mixture of virtue, romance, and low-voltage prose. Readers who have previously delighted in her "Miss Buncle" and "Mrs. Tim" books will

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy, Chapter XLIII. 2. "Antony and Cleopatra," Act II, Scene 5. 3. Maurice Thompson (the best-seller was "Alice of Old Vincennes"). 4. Two were out, two were on base, and the score was Opponents 4, Mudville 2. (The author, incidentally, was Ernest Lawrence Thayer.) 5. Walt Whitman. 6. H. G. Wells. 7. George Moore. 8. Skimpole (Harold), in Dickens's "Bleak House." 9. Frederic Prokosch. 10. Pugilism (and the author was George Bernard Shaw).

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1030)

FLORENCE (RIPLEY) MASTIN:
JUST FOR TONIGHT

There is enchantment in the somber air
As though a light were shining everywhere.

Armor and sword are gone and people see
Each other as they dream all men should be.

. . . Wondering, but they believe
Just for tonight—for this is Christmas Eve.

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welcome her new sentimentalisms in this conventional novel of the life of a young Scotsman; others will avoid her as they will any excess of sugar and cream.

Young David Kirke grows up as a boy in the little Highland village of Haines and as a man in the city of London. He tells his own story gracefully but without gusto, recalls his friends and playmates, details his schooling in Edinburgh, and suggests the special problems of a budding lawyer who wishes to be an author. His literary torments are more of the petulant than the profound sort, as you might expect, but he solves them satisfactorily along with his problems of the heart.

—CHARLES LEE.

REVOLUTIONARY LASS: Kenneth Roberts's "Oliver Wiswell" set the fashion for a new kind of novel about the American Revolution, one in which the respectable hero is a Tory and the Patriots, uncouth mobsters. Shirley Barker, by now an old hand at historical fiction, has given this approach a slightly different twist. In **"Fire and the Hammer"** (Crown, $3.50) she has drawn a sensitive and sympathetic portrait of a group of back-country Tories who feel themselves victimized by the Patriot bureaucrats and seaboard slickers.

The tale runs the course of the entire Revolution, for it takes that length of time for Lass Marvayne, whom we first meet as a comely teenager from Newburyport, to court and win Mahlon Doan. She goes at it with a singleness of purpose and an uninhibited frankness ("I'll take thee any way I can get thee," she avows at one point) that would bring the blush through the make-up of quite a few young ladies whom Dr. Kinsey interviewed. Delicate-boned, thin-hipped, full-bosomed, Lass seemed to have inherited from her mother not only her beauty but a disconcerting habit of getting her own way.

A skilfully written narrative of pace and action, combining poetic insights with a scholar's knowledge of Revolutionary conditions, this novel's chief shortcoming is its failure to develop characters about whose fate the reader is likely to develop anything in the way of an anxiety neurosis about it. —RICHARD B. MORRIS.

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The Year's Best

(*Continued from page 9*)

EDUCATIONAL WASTELANDS. By Arthur E. Bestor. (University of Illinois Press) *Chalmers.*

FIRE IN THE ASHES. By Theodore H. White. (Sloane) *Perkins, Reston.*

FROM FISH TO PHILOSOPHER. By Homer W. Smith. (Little, Brown) *Schapiro.*

THE GROWTH OF SOUTHERN NATIONALISM, 1848-1861. By Avery O. Craven. (Louisiana State University Press) *Hicks.*

LELIA. By André Maurois. (Harper) Paulus, Rothermel, J. Sherman.

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE. By Bella Case LaFollette and Fola LaFollette. (Macmillan) *Lubbell, Woodward.*

THE RENAISSANCE. By Will Durant. (Simon & Schuster) Tinkle.

THE REVOLUTION IN PHYSICS. By Louis De Broglie. (Noonday Press) *Laurence.*

THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES. (Simon & Schuster) Little.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS. By Charles A. Lindbergh. (Scribner's) Babcock, Bradley, Gannett, Hormel, Kogan, O'Neill, T. Sherman, Shockley.

TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY. By Winston Churchill. (Houghton Mifflin) Flowers, McAnis, Snadjr, Wyllie.

VERMONT TRADITION. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. (Little, Brown) Smith.

THE VOICES OF SILENCE. By André Malraux. (Doubleday) Barkham, Bond, Cross, Dolbier, Douglas, *Edman.*

THE WRITER IN AMERICA. By Van Wyck Brooks. (Dutton) Hass.

FOR WHOM THE CLOCHE TOLLS. By Angus Wilson. Illustrated by Phillipe Juliam. From the half dozen new books he has read this year, *Edmund Wilson* strongly recommends this book, published in England but not yet scheduled by an American publisher.

FICTION

THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH. By Saul Bellow. (Viking) Kogan, Shockley, Tinkle, *Cowley, Havighurst, Kazin, West.*

BATTLE CRY. By Leon Uris. (Putnam) McAnis.

BOUVARD AND PECUCHET. By Gustave Flaubert. (New Directions) Emmart.

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI. By James A. Michener. (Random) Bradley, Snadjr.

COUSIN BAZILIO. By Eça De Queiroz. (Noonday) J. Sherman.

THE FACE OF TIME. By James T. Farrell. (Vanguard) Little.

A GOOD MAN. By Jefferson Young. (Bobbs-Merrill) Hormel.

THE HILL OF DEVI. By E. M. Forster. (Harcourt, Brace) Yeiser.

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE. By Rumer Godden. (Viking) Paulus.

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST. By Conrad Richter. (Knopf) Cady.

THE LYING DAYS. By Nadine Gordimer. (Simon & Schuster) Bond, Dolbier, Gannett.

THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES. By Robert Musil. (Coward-McCann) Yeiser.

MARRIED MEN. By Ira Wolfert. (Simon & Schuster) *Geismar.*

ONE. By David Karp. (Vanguard) Hass.

THE PLANTATION. By Ovid Williams Pierce. (Doubleday) Smith, Wyllie.

TOO LATE THE PHALAROPE. By Alan Paton. (Scribner's) Babcock, Barkham, Bond, Cross, Douglas, Flowers, O'Neill, Rothermel, T. Sherman, *Havighurst.*

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All This and the Sitwells, Too

Continued from page 8

first prisoners released by the North Koreans, a British journalist named Philip Deane, wrote one of the first accounts of what captivity was like in this confined and cruel war—an account that, chilling as it was, could be only a mild overture to the reports that were to be presented to the United Nations at year's end.

In the weeks that followed the demise of Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili fewer pundits than might have been expected rushed into the book market with their answers to the question Russia What Next? Isaac Deutscher's book, which bore this title and which placed in the running, was an astute and logical study of the probabilities, based upon wide historical knowledge and a close acquaintanceship with the Communist system. Most reviewers accepted it as an expert analysis, but were almost immediately assailed by doubts when another expert, George Kennan, offered a different view. Later developments in Moscow revealed a more fatal falling-out among experts in the Kremlin. The question-mark still stands. And the year's best books about Russia dealt not with its governors but with the people they governed: Admiral Leslie Stevens's "Russian Assignment" and Frank Rounds, Jr.'s "A Window in Red Square."

The coronation of Queen Elizabeth II was preceded by a number of extremely handsome books about the traditions of the ceremony and the beauty of the Abbey in which it was to be held, and was followed by equally handsome picture-books about the great event itself. From England also came a lively unofficial biography by Geoffrey Bocca, "Elizabeth and Philip," and a lively official biography of the new Queen's grandfather, George the Fifth, by Harold Nicolson. American readers, however, sent to the best-seller roster and kept there a fairly ill-tempered account of another member of the royal family, a book that succeeded in living up (or down) to its title: "Gone With the Windsors."

Quite possibly, posterity may look back upon 1953 as a turning-point in the history of mankind not because of wars or the fear of wars, of rulers coming to power or passing from it, but because of a slim paper-bound book from a university press in which Dr. Albert Einstein suggested a "Generalization of the Gravitation Theory." There are not many literary critics, however adept they may be at making generalizations of their own, who can even guess what the Einstein generalization may mean to the planet's future. Not many scientists, either, it would seem.

More easily assimilable to the lay reader were such 1953 science books as W. Grey Walter's "The Living Brain," which described the problems and promises of electroencephalogy, Ruth Moore's "Man, Time and Fossils," an excellent popularization of anthropology's course from Darwin to the present, and the somber prophecies made by Darwin's grandson about man and his world in "The Next Million Years." Projects for leaving this world and exploring others were no longer confined to science-fiction, and there were several books, both popular and technical, that dealt with them; the suggestion that residents of other worlds were already hovering over ours was rejected by Harvard's Donald Menzel and repeated by Major Donald Keyhoe. Readers who like books of travel, but to whom one planet at a time is enough, were given both quality and variety this year, and could share vicariously in journeys heroic (Maurice Herzog's "Annapurna"), fantastic (Colonel Percy H. Fawcett's "Lost Trails and Lost Cities"), historic (Charles A. Lindbergh's "The Spirit of St. Louis"), artistic (Robert Gibbings's "Coming Down the Seine"), or comic (Ludwig Bemelmans's "Father, Dear Father").

As in most recent years, biographical works were not only in greatest

I Hear Two Songs

By Wiley Kim Rogers

SILENCE rises like a clear mist
From the ground and hangs among
The pine, cedar, aspen, oak;
The peaks push their brilliant splendor above.

Blue flowers and yellow weeds are motionless—
Not even the aspen whispers its whirring chant,
Only the sun and a redtailed hawk move through
the noon sky;
The shadows advance and the hawk lazily
circles between the trees.

Then on the farther ridges a low song is heard,
On it comes till it rings about my head;
But in my heart I hear another song
That wants me home again.

The song of the mountains called me here,
Drawing me to them by the magic of memory;
Yet now a younger love would have me,
By shaded spring her eyes caress me.

Upon mountain ridge, in the valleys, by lake or forest,
Stillness or storm she haunts me.
At dawn I hear her voice, when night comes
Her arms enfold me.

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supply on the non-fiction lists, but in greatest demand among buyers (and borrowers) of non-fiction. The subjects of the best of these books were people who had written books themselves: Charles Dickens (Edgar Johnson's two-volume life appears as nearly definitive as could be expected, or desired), Carl Sandburg, Henry James, Katherine Mansfield (at last a really satisfactory biography, by a young New Zealander, Antony Alpers), Herman Melville, Arnold Bennett, André Gide (recollected by a friend, Roger Martin du Gard, and appraised by a scholar, Justin O'Brien), Robert Browning, Dr. Sigmund Freud, George Meredith, George Sand (André Maurois's "Lélia," a very model of graceful, witty, and thorough biographical writing), and Ben Jonson of Westminster (a book that revealed again Marchette Chute's enviable combination of sound scholarship and pleasurable style). An older profession than literature was dealt with in Polly Adler's "A House Is Not a Home," and, one is tempted to add, in "The Von Papen Memoirs." Bruce Hutchinson wrote a biography of the late Mackenzie King and called it "The Incredible Canadian"; before the year was out a really incredible Canadian was the central figure in a comedy that reminded old hands of when the publishing world was rocked by "The Cradle of the Deep."

OF THREE major historical works one at least was completed (the World War II history begun by Winston Churchill and finished by Sir Winston Churchill); one reached the half-way mark (Quincy Howe's clarifying account of our confusing century); and one begun (the secret, sizzling diary kept by the late Harold L. Ickes while Secretary of the Interior in the Roosevelt and Truman Cabinets).

Considering the quality and the importance of these books, and of hundreds of others that might be named, there is little cause for wonder at the report, coming from booksellers in all parts of the country, that non-fiction is outselling fiction by a three-to-one margin, the paper-bound market excluded. There wasn't much in the general run of 1953's novels to encourage a reversal of this preference.

The giants—Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner—were between books, so 1953 saw only a Hemingway Reader, a collection of Steinbeck's short novels, and a reprint of a novel by Faulkner's grandfather. From writers of lesser stature, but taller than most others in sight, there was disappointing work. A lady who had read John Hersey's "The Marmot Drive" in advance of publication said, more in sorrow than in sarcasm, that it did for the author of "The Wall" what "The Story of Esther Costello" did for the author of "The Cruel Sea." Other names and titles could be substituted for these. For example, "The Outsider" did for the writer of "Native Son" what "The Narrows" did for the author of "The Street"; or, "Bamboo" did for the author of "The Weight of the Cross," what "The Bridges at Toko-Ri" did for the author of "Tales of the South Pacific." A depressing occupation. No more of it.

Although fiction's year was cloudy, from time to time the sun did break through: Saul Bellow's odd Odyssey of Augie March, the novels in verse by Robert Penn Warren and Christopher LaFarge, brilliant collections of short stories by J. D. Salinger and John Cheever and Roald Dahl and Jean Stafford and H. L. Davis, first novels of unusual merit, like Ilona Karmel's "Stephania" and Jefferson Young's "A Good Man" and Mark Kennedy's "The Pecking Order" and Charles Bracelen Flood's "Love Is a Bridge" and James Baldwin's "Go Tell It on the Mountain."

The most widely-heralded European literary import of the year was the opening segment of Robert Musil's

For John Marin

(This farewell was written at Cape Split, Maine, on August 17, 1953, in foreknowledge of the approaching death of John Marin, which occurred October 1.)

By Herbert J. Seligmann

IT is the hour of farewell,
Of saffron sky and steel blue water.
Evening unfolds toward summer's wane
Darkening toward night.

Now is it fitting that kind sleep
Shall hold the questing spirit, and still
The joyous welcome to all the wonder
Of the earth, to tree and bird,
To wave and cloud,
To bursting bud and autumn glory,
Rushing tides and turning seasons,
Cities and the skyward clamor of men,
And the spaces where a lonely sail
Is witness to man's presence.

No more the quest of earth,
The picking and tasting of sunwarmed blueberries,
The story relished by the fireside,
The miracle of flying gull,
The feel underfoot of thrusting boat,
Of rock and shingle and turf.

No more the racing line of mountains
Tracing the edge of vision against a sky
Over the great plains,
Nor the thunder of ocean's might
Making to tremble the basic rock of deep;
No more the wonder of suns and days,
Of movement and stillness.

All this now lay aside,
All this and more,
Each blade and leaf, treeform and flower,
Each color, scent and plangent note.

No more the lightning glance, the quick
Appraising gaze of the master,
Guiding the nervous forming hand,
Evocative of nature's secret and elusive song.

Let be, let be, the hand lies quiet,
The spirit turns to dream,
To cloudlike passing memory and sleep,
And to darkness wherein silence,
Like a basalt monument,
Stands risen in the night, and oblivion commands.

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mammoth unfinished novel, "The Man Without Qualities." While English and Continental reviewers had fervently likened it to the writings of Proust and James and Kafka and Joyce, American reviewers on the whole seemed to prefer reserving judgment until more of the work was available in translation. However, their praise for Nikos Kazantzakis's "Zorba the Greek" and anything by Colette was unrestrained. Italy showed that even in the middle of a new Renaissance there are periods of marking-time. France showed that its novelists are still almost unbeatable in the diagnosis of love (Romain Gary's "The Colors of the Day," Raymond Radiguet's posthumous "Count d'Orgel") and in philosophical farce (Jean Dutourd's "A Dog's Head" and Vercors's "You Shall Kow Them"). England kept its preeminence in family chronicles (Storm Jameson's "The Green Man") and historical recreations (Alfred Duggan's "The Little Emperors," Dorothy Henrique's "Men Like Shadows," and C. S. Forester's indomitable, indispensable Horatio Hornblower). From Australia came one singularly dull novel (Nevil Shute's "In the Wet") and two exceptionally good ones (Martin Boyd's "The Cardboard Crown" and Charmion Clift and George Johnston's "The Big Chariot").

OUTRIGHT pessimism was as rare in 1953's fiction as was an implicit faith in some future moment of triumph. What many of the major novels of the year, and minor ones too, were saying was that while taking up arms against a sea of troubles (or sharks) wasn't likely to end them, it was still the best thing a man could do. Also, though no Meredith Revival seemed in prospect, there was an increased respect for the Meredithian theory of the value of laughter. The Comic Spirit's "silvery volleys" were heard from such widely-separated places as Ignazio Silone's Italian mountains, Augie March's Chicago, Musil's imperial Vienna, Mundy Tolliver's Mississippi Valley, and, of course, throughout the length and breadth of Thurber Country.

To label the literary year is impossible, and even to wrap it calls for a deftness that I'm happy to admit I lack. Think of all the items still untouched: poetry, philosophy, plays, picture-books, religious books (including the Bible, which, in its revised form, didn't escape burning), reference books. And if, through unsuspected skill and unexpected space, all these were finally placed in the package there would still be three Sitwells left over.

1954, What Next?

A Southdown Christmas

Continued from page 7

him) how much harmless joy he gave American readers in the innocent girl's despair when hexed by the Parisian madame of the cabaret. "After a moment the girl passed out." ("When Love Flies Out o' the Window," Chapter 6.)

I was relieved when a distinguished neurologist, while we were riding tip-cat in sturdy little *Media*'s smokeroom (we were hove-to in a November gale SW of Eire) told me that he suffers from the same habit that afflicts me. When reading, and particularly when rereading, his chosen Stenciled Rabbit, he finds that his eyes soon close in tender hypnosis. But his mind goes on reading, inventing luscious supplement where attention ceased. "Aye indeed," I cried (seeing him below me as *Media* threw her heels aloft), "until the peripheral nerves of the brain"—these, I had read, were one of his specialties—"reactivate, and you say to yourself, 'It can't be as good as that!' " We agreed with mutual assent, and sealed it with another Old Fashioned.

Sometimes the best of these Sleepy Saints in Glory is Merrick. He has, for me, just the tenderest delicacy of social cynicism, the "gun-flint" savor of the dry sauterne. O. Henry and Gissing swing almost too fiercely (like *Media*?) from sardonic to saccharine? Gissing doesn't even bother (as in his "Human Odds and Ends") to finish his short stories; they are often half-told episodes, the dark meat left on the plate to be served by some carver of leftovers. Kipling was too shrewd to leave anything in the fridge for futurity. There is still the soot-stain on one of the rank of Tudor chimneys, at Bateman's, where Frank Doubleday, arriving unexpected one summer day saw a plume of smoke, rushed upstairs, and found the little shagbrowed man heaving armfuls of MS into the hearth. "Nobody's going to make a monkey of me after I'm dead." But Kipling knew much more about bees than Sherlock Holmes. Actually, still at Bateman's the honey of his bees is on sale in jars in the front hall. Burwash, in the valley of The Weald, is good shelter for nectar on wings: from the glorious flower gardens of Eastbourne (you should study those dahlia beds up by the Wish Tower) the bees coast NE past Hurstmonceux and Brightling Needle, easy finding to Puck and Pook's Hill. As dusk comes on Kipling's study is the most haunted place I know. The study, still with pen-and-pencil tray and folio paper and pipecleaners on the work-table, with the silver inkstand and sagging bookshelves, is bewildered with stories untold. The National Trust caretakers are naive and easily shaken off. I went upstairs again, in quiet secrecy, and thought I recognized Kaa and Baloo and Bagheera in the shadows. And as for bees, "The Mother-Hive" is one of the greatest of political parables. Written (when? some thirty or forty years ago) it antedates and prophesies everything of the recent Harry Sinister White affairs. The infiltration of Communists into our great executive ganglia isn't just a joke; the wax moth in Kipling's fable (based I'm sure on actual beehive contaminations) would give such line-back coaching as the FBI never dreamed.

SO THE mind comes, or came, back to the bees. Mr. James Montgomery, BSI, in his this year's *Christmas Annual* (Philadelphia, 1953) suggests the Downland English Honey, from Polegate, Sussex (within the five-mile reach from Eastbourne) as probable nectar from Sherlock's own bees. That is possible, of course; we used to see it in windows on Eastbourne's handsome shopping street Terminus Road. That was where the mother of Leonard Merrick's young actor was startled to see her son carrying his baggage on Sunday. The Downland Honey was always available at our own hotel (with surcharge). But (this has puzzled you already) the bees I talk about were both real and imaginary. We know little about Holmes's imaginary insects, except that he segregated the Queen (as he also segregated Miss Adler); and like any beekeeper (or publisher) in winter he set out sugar-water to tempt them home. Let's not be too scientific: all I know about bees is that they're by instinct busy; they do their private airy dance for directional radar; then travel straight. And somehow the stories we most enjoy, in our sleight of sleep, are when however impeded they find their dormitory on Wuthering heights.

And the wind that gripes and flings them sideways, the wind that wuthers and buffets? Is it all the brigaded stu-

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pors that confound every homebound bee? Is it the fatal waxwork of everyday chance, the plumber, the carpenter, the editor in his office, the rats in the cellar, the oil burner in swoon? Can a bee heave-to in gale like the *Media*? The shadows of December afternoon are long and athwart. Perhaps that is why, in my ritual rereadings, I relish most the honey-bearers stricken in cross-currents. So often I recall O. Henry's reply to the editor when reproached for not meeting a promised deadline. The indignant editor said, in effect, "Some day I'm coming to give you a good strong kick with heavy shoes. I never go back on *my* promises." To which O.H. replied, "It's easy to keep promises that can be pulled off with your feet."

So I get an almost crazed enjoyment from watching some of my old beloveds, the windstricken bees, slanting heavily toward their skeps. Take Joseph Conrad, for instance (but I don't read him again until January), maybe I miss most of all his one incredibly gruesome comic yarn—"The Black Mate" (maybe it was in "Tales of Hearsay"?). But I lent it, years ago, to an old pal; and, of course, never saw it again. Except in a few academic essays, critics and readers have never grown up to Conrad. How simple were his actual storms and typhoons compared to the psychic storms he faced in his stories. The dreadful Donkin of "The Nigger" is the waxmoth cell of modern Communism. Both Conrad and Kipling rewrote, in the latest years, their earliest themes, with dangerously canny restatement.

As for the bees, whether the phantom creatures of the phantom Holmes or the actual honeymakers of Bateman's, all I know of them is that they are busy, and subject to wind-pressure. I also went, as straight as roads pursue, to see old Hilaire Belloc's home near Horsham, which he had so often and so magniloquently surrealized. His candle still burned a ruby spark in the sacristy upstairs, and in lykewake mood we followed him to the freshly sodded grave at West Grinstead. Those of his own persuasion will be pleased to remember his Sussex Christmas described in "Conversation with an Angel" (1929). It was truly thrilling to see H.B.'s windmill alongside his miscellany cottage, and recognize it as a symbol of himself. So also (and how different) was Kipling's carefully guarded Bateman's, trimly alleyed with trees, and the muddy Saxon brook.

But publishers were setting out their saucers of sugar-water for the Christmas season. Having had my own privately valued experience as a forgotten man, curiously I studied the weather graphs every day alongside the Band Stand. I even queried the text of our old beloved "Foggy Foggy Dew" as sung by the soloist of the Irish Guards. It wasn't what I had learned from Alf Harcourt and Carl Sandburg? No, it was a sophistication per Benjamin Britten, and I complained to the Erse baritone. But I took one of Mr. Holmes's favorite excursions to the sloping field below Battle Abbey, where poor Harold and his Saxons were lured downhill by shouts of false surrender. The only patriotic notice I saw was the simple Saxon warning, BEWARE OF THE BULL. As Holmes used to say, How wise if all invaders since 1066 had heeded it. Then followed his strident laugh. . . .

We withdrew (in good order) across the Pevensey Levels, where the old castle ruin casts some of history's longest shadows. There is truly honey in the sunset breeze from Beachy Head. The second-hand bookstore on Seaside Road was still open, and the shrewdest huntsman among us found what the occasion desired, a well-read copy of "Puck of Pook's Hill." Maybe that will be my next rereading.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
REQUIEM FOR A REDHEAD *Lindsay Hardy* (Appleton: $3)	M15, Yard chase Neo-Nazi mob across London in yarn that bursts at seams.	Our count: 17 dead; grand passion proves grand impediment.	Britain never like this
MURDER WON'T WAIT *R. S. O'Connor* (Arcadia: $2.50)	So. Cal. novelist involves self in crime tangle as philanderer is liquidated.	Cast large and complicated; telling not over-professional.	Slow motion
BLOOD ON THE BOARDS *William Campbell Gault* (Dutton: $2.50)	LA cop inherits dough, retires, but leaps to action as murder gong bongs.	Personnel neatly authentic, dialogue sure; plausible all way.	Easily his best

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1031

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Real meaning of the abbreviation "viz."	69 6 175 171 61 115 105 146 42
B. Proceeded, flowed.	54 20 39 158 85 121
C. Describing a pleasantly cool morning.	2 21 108 48 103
D. Because (2 wds.).	179 147 100 123 92 178
E. Feminine name; esp. of a queen of Serbia during the Eighties.	180 144 31 26 93 160 33
F. Companion of Melchior and Balthasar.	75 47 14 169 157 187
G. A whole drainage area.	149 94 78 38 34 184 136 88 128
H. Uncoerced, self-reliant.	141 86 134 98 25 35 91 19 183 41 159
I. Brought up or trained.	7 13 131 56 52 37 107 89
J. Colloquial for a fop (2 wds.).	172 186 53 49 40 71 5 132 125
K. Acronymic word for the former Soviet secret service.	90 28 176 162
L. One of the best-known of Schubert's songs, composed at the age of 19 (with "Der").	45 104 138 44 127 167 58 82
M. Increased by regulated increments, with "up".	32 109 156 59 36 83 113

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Sophie's father in "Der Rosenkavalier" (with "von").	30 62 22 76 27 102 164
O. Colloquial for ill, disturbed (3 wds.).	66 97 135 181 161 80 17 46 72 84
P. Trade-mark name for a silk fabric like a sort of rough pongee.	4 124 23 112 57
Q. Most notorious of the Spanish Grand Inquisitors (1420-1498).	140 130 101 96 177 137 114 173 154 168
R. Indian elephant.	73 8 122 16 29
S. Another name for the three stars in the "Belt of Orion" (var. sp.).	110 163 166 60 133 118
T. Any complete code of laws.	81 24 153 111 70 185 143
U. *Certain distilled spirits*, esp. in U.S. (2 wds.).	116 151 74 67 11 79 142 126 43 10
V. Indescribable; not to be uttered.	139 120 64 129 77 152 155 18 68
W. Serviette.	55 150 170 145 1 174
X. *Cynara cardunculus*, used in cookery and to curdle milk in cheese-making.	63 148 99 51 12 3 182
Y. Familiar compound word, in printing and advertising, for whatever is sure to seize the attention.	50 165 117 95 119 87 106 65 15 9

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the corresponding numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 W	2 C	■	3 X	4 P	5 J	6 A	7 I	8 R	9 Y	10 U	■						
11 U	12 X	13 I	14 F	15 Y	16 R	17 O	18 V	19 H	20 B	■	21 C	22 N	■	23 P	24 T	25 H								
26 E	27 N	■	28 K	29 R	30 N	31 E	32 M	■	33 E	34 G	35 H	■	36 M	37 I	38 G	39 B								
40 J	41 H	42 A	43 U	44 L	■	45 L	46 O	47 F	48 O	49 J	50 Y	51 X	■	52 I	53 J	■								
54 B	55 W	■	56 I	57 P	58 L	■	59 M	60 S	61 A	62 N	63 X	64 V	■	65 Y	66 O	67 U								
68 V	69 A	70 T	71 J	■	72 O	73 R	74 U	■	75 F	76 N	77 V	78 G	■	79 U	80 O	■								
81 T	82 L	83 M	84 O	85 B	86 H	87 Y	88 G	89 I	■	90 K	91 H	■	92 D	■	93 E	94 G								
95 Y	96 Q	97 O	98 H	99 X	■	100 D	101 Q	102 N	103 C	■	104 L	105 A	106 Y	107 I	108 C	109 M								
110 S	111 T	■	112 P	113 M	114 Q	115 A	116 U	117 Y	118 S	■	119 Y	120 V	121 B	■	122 R	123 D								
124 P	125 J	126 U	127 L	128 G	■	129 V	130 Q	131 I	■	132 J	133 S	134 H	■	135 O	136 G	137 Q								
138 L	■	139 V	140 Q	■	141 H	142 U	■	143 T	144 E	145 W	146 A	147 D	■	148 X	149 G	150 W								
151 U	■	152 V	153 T	154 Q	■	155 V	156 M	157 F	158 B	159 H	160 E	161 O	162 K	163 S	164 N	165 Y								
■	166 S	167 L	168 Q	169 F	170 W	171 A	172 J	■	173 Q	174 W	175 A	■	176 K	177 Q	178 D	■								
179 D	180 E	■	181 O	182 X	183 H	184 G	■	185 T	186 J	187 F	■	■	■	■	■	■								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 35 of this issue.

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SR / RECORDINGS SECTION

New Trends in Audio

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By C. G. BURKE

TWO YEARS AGO in "The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction" I attempted to indicate which audio components might advantageously be used together in the assembly of "eclectic phonographs" in five categories based on cost to the user. It was not pretended that those recommendations were definitive. They were, rather, the writer's opinions of equipment in an industry where nothing is ever definitive, but where much is confusing to the laity. Since by clever diction and a minimum of mendacity a poor pickup or amplifier may be proclaimed better than their betters, and since few music-lovers have the time and facilities to investigate the degree of aural truth that may lie behind the proclamations, it was felt that a guide would have obvious usefulness. The audio language is a special one, and audio-economic values are perplexing, without an interpreter.

In the strange world devoted to reproducing sound, two years make an era. Things change quickly. The laureates can never stay complacent with their laurels or they will lose them. The devices that give out sound have this in common with automobiles that they obsolesce slowly, but are intermittently altered in production. A good speaker and a good car ten years old and well tended are not of necessity functionally outdated although their style may be, but succeeding speakers and cars will have refinements and conveniences not imagined for their prototypes.

Thus, in the last two years, and especially in this dying year of 1953, there have been changes, improvements, innovations, and refinements in every type of audio component. No matter how imposing one's assembly of two years ago, it can be changed now in every element to some advantage, trifling or considerable. For example, the amplifier "front end" found most flexible and resourceful two years ago has been improved, but today there are a score as good and a number decidedly better, including a new one from the same manufacturer. Most of the standard pickups have been improved. Synchronous motors are available again for turntables. There are a few new arms, and the existing favorites have received some minor modifications in their favor. There are better changers, and better tuners, than there were. It is not news that there are many new speakers, since there always are, but the most elaborate speaker-systems have undergone internal operations to their betterment.

The most powerful stimulus to change and production during the past year has come from the still inexplicable and apparently spontaneous appearance of the phrase "high fidelity" in the domain of the great public. The phrase once formed part of the special vocabulary of the missionaries of sound reproduction, a devoted and occasionally fanatical band whose excesses have provoked some laughter but whose pertinacity has brought

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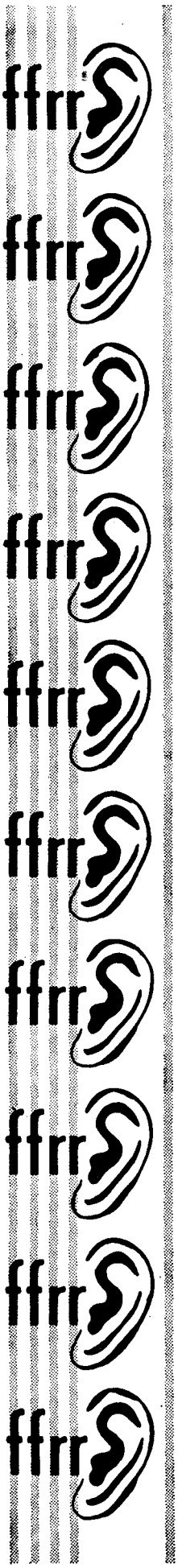

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Prelude and Entr'acte from Marsyas (Alphons Diepenbrook)
Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam
LL-851 $5.95

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Conductor: Isidore Godfrey
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Songs of Tschaikowsky
Warum (Opus 28, No. 3)—Warum sind die Rosen so blass (Opus 6, No. 5)—Es war auf dem Balle (Opus 38, No. 3) Ob heller Tag (Opus 47, No. 6).
Max Lichtegg (tenor) and Hans Willi Haeusslin (piano) LS-799 $4.95

Sonata For Violin, 'Cello and Piano (Riisager) (Opus 55a)
Wandy Tworek (violin)—Johan Hye-Knudsen ('cello)—Esther Vagning (piano)
Sonata For Two Violins (Riisager) (Opus 55b)
Wandy Tworek and Charles Sendervoitz
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On The Steppes of Central Asia (Borodin)
A Night On The Bare Mountain (Moussorgsky)
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Anatole Fistoulari conducting The New Symphony Orchestra LL-883 $5.95

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Strike Up The Band—Obsession—Clair de Lune—Piper's Patrol—Vanessa—Hot Toddy—On The Bridge—Alpine Boogie—You Are MayHeart's Delight—Alouette-Hawaiian War Chant—La Mer
Ted Heath and His Music LL-750 $5.95

PROBLEM FOR THE NEW YEAR . . .

IS THE REPERTOIRE ALL USED UP?

We don't recall ever reading or hearing any knowledgeable party claim (and we don't believe we ever will) that music would be better off if one person or groups of persons were to take care of all interpreting for us. Yet, there is, it appears, a new credo stemming forth which would seem to proclaim the desirability of such events coming to pass. At London FFRR, we resist such unrealistic notions (though they are far cheaper) by issuing regularly the recorded performances of the world's greatest music in a variety of celebrated interpretations. For example, you can choose Ansermet or Jorda for Three Cornered Hat; Gulda or Backhaus for the Hammerklavier and Moonlight Sonatas; Ricci or Campoli for the Beethoven Violin Concerto; Szell or Böhm for the Brahms' 3rd Symphony; Kleiber or Krips for the Mozart G Minor; Celibidache or Schmidt-Isserstedt for the Tschaikowsky 5th Symphony; Desormiere or Fistoulari for Sleeping Beauty and we intend to go a good deal further. The Brahms D Minor Piano Concerto by both Backhaus and Curzon; the Brahms 2nd Symphony by both Furtwaengler and Schuricht; the Emperor Concerto by both Curzon and Backhaus; the Mendelssohn 4th by both Rossi and Krips; the Beethoven 5th by both Curzon and Backhaus; the Beethoven 4th Symphony by both Solti and Krips; the Beethoven 5th by both Schuricht and Kleiber; the Schubert A Minor Quartet by both the Vegh and New Italian Quartets; the Tschaikowsky 6th Symphony by both Munch and Kleiber; the Franck D Minor by both Munch and Furtwaengler and so forth into recorded history. AND WHY NOT?

All these activities do not prevent us from offering works by Fauré, Milhaud, Britten, Herberigs, DeVocht, Defossez, Legley, Alpaerts, Jongen, Gilson, Absil, to say nothing of those by Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Haydn, which have never before seen the light of recorded publication. Let us therefore count our blessings, not lament them; or in other words — a London FFRR long-playing record may contain the nineteenth recorded version or the very first but it will always have something to offer that is unique: —FULL FREQUENCY RANGE RECORDING utilizing the talents of the WORLD'S LARGEST ROSTER OF INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS ARTISTS.

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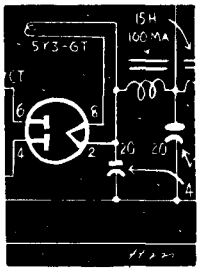
results. Suddenly the phrase, if not the phenomenon, becomes omnipresent: "high fidelity" is being proclaimed everywhere not as the dream of a few but as an actuality for all. Some of the largest manufacturers of electrical appliances (including a number who had never even flirted with the purity of sound and a few who have not done so yet) announced, produced, and displayed complete audio assemblies in various types of cabinets, all proudly labeled "high fidelity," a phrase which has not yet received an agreed-upon definition.

Some of these sets are very good, and some are painfully inadequate. Cursory inspection will not lay bare which is which. But if "high" may rightfully be applied to the fidelity of the poor ones, then the good ones sound an enhanced fidelity, a faithfulness *in alt*. Naturally, the compact ready-made set has obvious, immediate, and not inconsiderable advantages over a sprawling home-assembled compound, but the advantages do not pertain to the realm of sound. The ready-made set provokes no crisis in domestic architecture, is easily movable, and plays immediately once its power line is plugged in. For many people such considerations will be decisive, and it is to be hoped that when they buy their sets they will choose from the good ones.



The "Saturday Review Home Book" was concerned with the sprawling compounds, and so is its revision. One of these eclectic sound-systems may include as many as ten separate elements to be wired in a continuity that will issue sound, while for others only three independent pieces need to be united. Admittedly, this multiplies the opportunities for error. But if the buyer chooses well and places well and connects well, he will have more fidelity for his dollar than he can get ready-made.

The five categories of the book of two years ago have not been re-established in the revision. The abundance of recommendable components completely obviated any possibility of experimenting with all conceivable combinations, whose number now nudges infinity. The greatest concentration of material is in what may be called the middle-price range, where a hundred sound systems may be assembled within small graduations of cost and not necessarily corresponding gradations of quality. Every recommended item is listed by type and cost so that good assemblies may be composed within a prescribed budget.

The extreme categories have been maintained because there is a comparative scarcity of outstanding claimants for inclusion. Not many manufacturers have produced equipment specifically intended for the small group of people to whom price is of no importance, and while there is a great deal of cheap equipment offered to the very large group to whom price is of first importance, a considerable proportion does not seem to satisfy the basic requirements of a healthy system. Thus, elimination has been easy, and both a "best" system and a "least expensive" system can be offered.

An effort was made to examine all worthy equipment, and acknowledgement of the kind cooperation of scores of manufacturers, distributors, friends, and colleagues is made in the book. But some items, for one reason or another, remained unobtainable, and it is possible that injustice has been done to certain components coy to investigation. Many items have been omitted because their cost is disproportionate to their quality. An estimable speaker at $150, for example would not be listed when there is an equally estimable speaker at $110. Others which perform adequately but exhibit inadequate or careless workmanship have been excluded.

The opinions are based primarily and finally on aural experience. Acoustic measurements, where they are possible, do not yet have the musical validity of a keen pair of ears. Naturally, the ears whose opinions are recorded here have their idiosyncratic biases. Theirs is the responsibility for the opinions, which certainly will not be echoed by everyone. They have no authority other than that conferred by the long travail of comparative listening. They were fortified and comforted by a pretty general assent from other visiting or commandeered ears that were utilized during many of the listening sessions. There is no final authority in matters audio. It is hoped that these recommendations will be accepted as a modest guide, not toward a perfection that does not exist, but away from error.

THERE FOLLOWS a summary of recommendations to appear in the revised edition of "The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction." Comment in the book is, of course, much more extensive than that allowed by the proportions of this article. The recommendations are not of equal weight, for they consider cost: a good fifty-dollar amplifier is hardly as good as the forty-watt Fisher. Cost is prefixed here by the word "about" because in the industry prices may change often.

BASIC AMPLIFIERS, WITHOUT CONTROL UNITS OR COMPENSATORS: Of all components the audio amplifier is nearest to perfection. Its work is to augment and deliver to the speaker an impulse received from pickup or tuner, and most good amplifiers do this with a trifling minimum of distortion. Distortion can be accurately measured in the amplifier, but nowadays it is seldom detected by the ear because the other components produce a much greater amount to cover it. Among those listed below in order of decreasing cost—which must not be assumed to be an exact representation of relative value—some are outstanding in workmanship, convenience, minimization of distortion, appearance, or other features, but all costing ninety dollars or more are approximately equal in what we can apprehend audibly from their work. Fisher, McIntosh, Rauland, Radio Craftsmen, Bogen, and Hallmark have various desirable features hard to estimate comparatively that are not detectable as superiority in sound.

	ABOUT
Williamson Hallmark. 12 watts	$180
White 1020. 20 w.	175
Fisher 50-A. 40 w.	160
McIntosh A-116. 30 w.	140
Rauland 1805. 20 w.	140
RCA SP-20. 20 w.	135
Brociner UL-1. 20 w.	130
Altec-Lansing A 333-A. 20 w.	110
Pilot AA-901. 25 w.	100
Radio Craftsmen C-500. 12 w.	100
Bogen HO10-1. 10 w.	96
Pilot AA-902. 10 w.	47
Radio Craftsmen C-400. 10 w.	45
Grommes 100-BA. 10 w.	40
Bogen DO-10. 10 w.	40

CONTROL UNITS, COMPENSATORS, OR EQUALIZERS: By whichever name, one of these is essential to the satisfactory reproduction of microgroove records. A compensator reverses the errors deliberately introduced in the process of recording. Its simplest form is the General Electric or Pickering equalizer, which can provide corrections for a few of the standard curves used in recording. Its most elaborate development is the H. H. Scott 121-A, a majestic control unit which provides continuously variable play-back curves for both bass and treble separately, independent controls for bass and treble intensity, bass and scratch suppressor on or off at will, discriminatory loudness control at will, hum control, level controls for each of seven inputs besides a separate level control for most of the pickups in use, and a dial to vary resistance according to pickup requirements. This is the most imposing, and by far the

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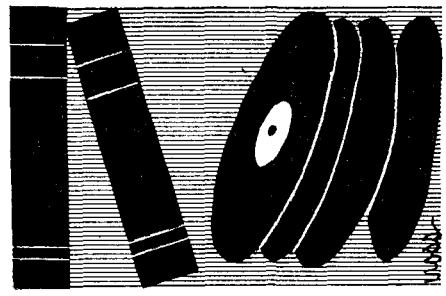
most expensive, of the control units designed for home use. Brociner A-100, Fisher 50-C, and Rauland 1801 seem to be in a class apart from all the others in their flexible resourcefulness. (The last is best known as the front end of the combination 1826, of which 1805 is the excellent amplifier, and it needs special adaptation for use with most other amplifiers. Special attention is called to it here because the merit of its performance seemed the highest of all the front ends associated with a specific amplifier.)

	ABOUT
H. H. Scott 121-A	$160
Brociner A-100	100
Rauland 1801 or 1802	98
Fisher 50-CH	90
General Electric A-1200	57
Pilot PA-912	50
Fisher 50-PR (preamplifier-equalizer only)	20
Gen. Elec. A1-900 (simple compensator for GE pickups)	9

AMPLIFIERS ATTACHED TO REMOTE CONTROL UNITS: Most of the better control units (not the very best) are found in this rational and convenient category. Unfortunately, some of the finest amplifiers therein are matched to control units which irritatingly are just short of complete control, and while most of the amplifiers can be bought without the separate control unit, use of another front end usually involves alteration, the purchase of a power-supply, loss of uniformity, and increase of cost. The Rauland 1826 is most strongly recommended, and the others listed are excellent without uniformity of detail. It might be valuable to know that the Rauland control unit, most familiar as a likeness of a compact and heavy "book," is also available in a plain chassis for which many people will feel more enthusiasm:

	ABOUT
Newcomb Classic 25. 25 watts	$270
Leak T 25. 20 w.	250
Rauland 1826. 20 w.	237
Brook 12 A-4. 10 w.	220
Leak T-12. 12 w.	190
H. H. Scott 214-A. 20 w.	190
Stromberg-Carlson AR-425. 25 w.	190
Newcomb Classic 15. 15 w.	180
Bell 2145-A. 15 w.	175
Bogen Baton. 10 w.	165

AMPLIFIERS WITH CONTROLS ON THE CHASSIS: The first three listed are outstanding; they offer a greater pliability of control than any amplifier could display three years ago. In fact the little Scott, amusingly designed to re-



semble a control unit alone, has very few rivals in the feature of flexibility, regardless of price. All three offer truly remarkable value. Quality naturally drops below that of this trio as the price falls to modest levels, but every amplifier mentioned is admirable for its cost, and better than we would have dared expect before this year.

	ABOUT
Bogen DB-20. 20 watts	$99
Bell 2200. 20 w.	98
H. H. Scott 99-A. 12 w.	98
Stromberg-Carlson AR-410. 10 w.	80
Bell 2122. 12 w.	75
Newcomb A-104. 12 w.	60
Bogen DB-10A. 10 w.	54

PICKUPS: Although ceramic cartridges have made aggressive progress, magnetics are still preferred. Only pickups with diamond styli are recommended: the higher initial cost is compensated for by the resultant longevity of records and stylus.

Ferranti. Ribbon type, with transformer and arm, $77. SP and LP cartridges may be interchanged in the arm. Cost of either cartridge alone, $37.50. This new invader gave an admirable performance during an examination too short to be conclusive.

Weathers W-212-LPd. FM type, with oscillator and arm, for LP only, $77. Sapphire styli are available for SP and perhaps may be suitable, since the Weathers assembly produces a notably slower rate of wear than any other examined. A superior instrument, but one that requires careful handling.

Pickering 260-D. LP and SP reluctance cartridges back-to-back, either ready to play at the touch of a lever, $60. Many improvements over earlier Pickering models, and with Fairchild, Weathers, and perhaps Ferranti in the first rank. Curiously, the two halves are not separately available, but this will certainly be corrected.

Fairchild 215-A and 215-B. Moving-coil cartridges for LP and SP respectively, $37.50 each. Very hard to distinguish from the Pickering 260-D; which is to say, as good as any.

General Electric Triple Play. One cartridge with two diamond points, for LP and SP respectively, $34. Excellent and moderately priced.

ARMS: A good arm (formerly called tone-arm) makes no tone, or a modicum. In a sound system the arm and turntable are valued proportionately to the degree of their silence. A good arm contributes a minimum of abrasion to record grooves. Certain arms —Weathers, Audax, Ferranti—are not considered here because they only serve properly the pickups of the same names. The arms of general utility are far from perfect, and no one arm has all the capabilities required. In the recommended list below, Gray 108-B, Fairchild 202, and the odd, ingenious Pfanwood are effective in subduing resonance, and the first defers only to the Clarkstan in an easy provision for changing cartridges. The Pfanwood has a number of points of adjustment and needs unusual care in use. Pickering is forbearing in the matter of record wear. The others are well designed and substantial, and Livingston has the lowest price.

	ABOUT
Fairchild 202	$65
Gray 108-B	56
Pickering 190	29
Fairchild 280	25
General Electric Baton	25
Clarkstan 212	20
Livingston Universal	19

TURNTABLES: The desiderata in turntables are regularity and silence, for which a certain amount of convenience and portability will gratefully be sacrificed. These qualities are not to be obtained cheaply, but both are essential to undiluted enjoyment of recorded music, and the first is a requisite in the protection of records. The turntables below are with one noted exception twelve-inch and three-speed.

Rek-O-Kut T-12H, $120. Synchronous motor, heavy cast-aluminum turntable, carefully machined. Practically no transmission of noise through the speaker and imperceptible deviation of turntable from horizontal during revolution. The idler T-103A for adapting to 45 rpm is available at $8.

D & R DR-12A, $78. Solid, nonmagnetic turntable driven by an idler on the outside of the rim. This is mentioned here with some reserve because it has been under observation for a very short period, but during that time its performance has been impressive.

Components "Professional," $75. A twenty-five pound, cast-iron, cork-insulated turntable, belt-driven on its outer rim. It is shock-mounted, assumes its speed at once despite the

(*Continued on page* 64)

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enrique jorda

Accorded one of the warmest welcomes in San Francisco musical history, Enrique Jorda is another of the bright new names that have been first introduced to American audiences through Full Frequency Range Recording.

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LL-191
***MUSIC OF SPAIN**
Spanish Dances (Granados)
Danza Espagnola (Falla)
Procesion del Rocio (Turina)
El Puerto & Triana (Albeniz)

LS-193
***THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE (Dukas)**
***RUSSLAN AND LUDMILLA—Overture (Glinka)**
***ROI MALGRE LUI—Danse Slav (Chabrier)**

LL-376
***FRANCESCA DA RIMINI (Tschaikowsky)**

LL-432
****SYMPHONY No. 5 IN E MINOR "New World" (Dvorak)**

LL-445
****NIGHTS IN THE GARDENS OF SPAIN (Falla)**
(with Clifford Curzon)
*****THREE CORNERED HAT—Part One Dances (Falla)**

*with The Paris Conservatory Orchestra
**with The New Symphony Orchestra
***with The London Symphony Orchestra

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Bach in Three Styles

By PUTNAM ALDRICH, *professor of music at Stanford University and an authority on early keyboard music.*

MOST music lovers are well aware that RCA Victor has, for the past few years, been issuing instalments of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" played by Wanda Landowska. The series has to date reached the fifth LP record, with eight more Preludes and Fugues of the "48" still to come. A more recent event was the appearance of two Decca albums (DX-127 & 128, $35.10) containing the entire forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, as played on the piano by Rosalyn Tureck. Still more recently, Columbia has released Book I performed by the Viennese harpsichordist, Isolde Ahlgrimm (SL-191, $17.85). Thus three distinct (and distinctly different!) versions of the first twenty-four Preludes and Fugues are now available.

The most obvious dissimilarity between these three versions is the striking difference in the sound of the three instruments. The enjoyment of sound for its own sake is an undeniable factor in the enjoyment of music. A listener's taste in sound, be it conscious or unconscious, native or acquired, inevitably plays some part in influencing his musical preferences. There are people who enjoy the sound of the piano but dislike that of the harpsichord. If they choose the Decca albums they will not be disappointed. Turek's piano tone is always delectable to the ear, and its reproduction on the discs is extraordinarily faithful. There are listeners who like the harpsichord but feel that its tone should be restrained and more or less uniform rather than an attempt to imitate a symphony orchestra. They will be pleased by the almost monochromatic timbre of Ahlgrimm's harpsichord, which, incidentally, has a keyboard for the feet to facilitate the clear projection of contrapuntal lines and to insure the sustaining of long tones. Then there are listeners who are convinced that all the resources of tone color and dynamics obtainable on the most highly developed harpsichord should be placed at the service of the music. For them the vivid sounds issuing from Landowska's Pleyel harpsichord should provide a rich experience, on condition that they be careful to adjust the controls so that RCA Victor's exaggerated highs and amplified volume will not obscure the distinctions.

All this, though it has its importance, is, of course, on the surface. As soon as one goes beyond the mechanical factors of reproduction and the physical sounds that may or may not please the ear, one comes face to face with the essential issue —the re-creative powers of the respective artists. Wanda Landowska's performances have been extolled to the point where superlatives become platitudes. The opinion that no other harpsichordist could approach her playing has been topped by the statement, from the pen of one of our foremost critics, that Landowska plays the harpsichord better than anyone else plays anything. After this, what can one say by way of eulogy that will not fall a little flat? At any rate, it must be stated at once that the Decca and Columbia releases do not in the least threaten Landowska's supremacy. They do, however, provide an excellent basis for determining precisely in what respects other performances fall short, and for analyzing just what it is about Landowska's interpretations that renders hers more satisfactory. Is it her impeccable precision? Is it some sort of magic that emanates from her forceful personality? Or do her conceptions of these Preludes and Fugues really come closer to Bach's intentions?

Leaving aside the imponderables for the moment, let us investigate Bach's intentions. The original title of Book I reads as follows:

> The Well-Tempered Clavier, or Preludes and Fugues on every tone and semitone with the major third Ut, Re, Mi and the minor third Re, Mi, Fa. For the use and profit of young musicians and as a pastime for others, already well-versed in the art. Drawn up and written by Johann Sebastian Bach.

These, then, are pieces designed to teach young composers how to exploit the remoter regions of tonality made practicable by the "well-tempered" system of tuning. They are also models, exemplary pieces, addressed to connoisseurs who have enough musical experience to recognize and appreciate the many varieties of styles and techniques of composition represented in them. Bach did not live in isolation; nor did he compose in a vacuum. He had an insatiable curiosity about the music of other composers, both past and present. One of his favorite "pastimes," moreover, was that of reworking materials or processes borrowed from the works of other musicians and bringing them to perfection by carrying through to their ultimate conclusion the implications he found inherent in the germs. Thus, it is not surprising to find in the "Well-Tempered Clavier" reflections of all the styles cultivated during the Baroque period. Nor is one astonished to encounter hints of such various sources of inspiration as Frescobaldi's toccatas and ricercari, Lully's operatic overtures, Pachelbel's Magnificats, Dieupart's French suites, Vivaldi's concertos, Corelli's trio sonatas, and even operatic arias.

The entire seventeenth century was exceedingly style-conscious. Musicians recognized distinctions not only between the three national styles (French, Italian, and German), but between the church, chamber, theatre and dance styles, the individual styles (corresponding to the "four humors"), and many others. The classification of a piece as being in a certain style not only defined its manner of composition but had definite implications as to the way it should be performed. The Toccata style, for example, called for fluctuations of the beat (*tempo rubato*). Certain dance rhythms not only suggested specific tempi but required the alteration of written note-values in accordance with the character of the dance.

IN THE "Well-Tempered Clavier" Bach has assembled within a single design, and under the neutral titles of Preludes and Fugues, an inventory of all previous types and styles of composition, going far beyond the limits of the existing categories of keyboard music. Consequently, such questions as that of the "proper" instrument for these pieces (harpsichord or clavichord?) fade into insignificance in comparison with the far more basic problem of rendering each Prelude and each Fugue in its proper style and in a manner appropriate to its individual character. Furthermore, it becomes apparent that anyone who claims to be a "Bach authority" without being likewise an authority on all the music of the entire Baroque period is being unduly pretentious.

Landowska, with her long experience and study in the field of Baroque

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music and performance-practice, is obviously in a better position to arrive at a conception similar to the one imagined by Bach than is anyone who has taken up Bach for Bach's sake alone. She can perceive at once, for instance, that the E flat minor Prelude and the D major Fugue have the characteristic rhythms of the French Overture; that the C sharp minor Fugue is a ricercar, the E flat major Prelude a toccata, and the F major Fugue a passepied.

Tureck evidently has ideas of her own as to what these pieces mean. Her conceptions seldom coincide with what we have reason to believe were those of the Baroque period. Nevertheless, being an extremely gifted and sensitive artist, she is able to make them convincing from a purely musical point of view. Ahlgrimm, on the other hand, either has much less definite conceptions or lacks the ability to project them with any conviction.

Once the conception of a piece is clear in the performer's mind, the physical means of communicating it are basically three: (1) articulation, or phrasing, (2) dynamics, and (3) tone color. Of these, the first is by far the most important. The most valuable technical asset a harpsichordist can possess is a wide range of articulation; that is to say, a touch that is capable of producing a great variety of tone durations between absolute legato and absolute staccato. For it is primarily through varying durations of tones that the harpsichord is able to express rhythms, accents, and phrasings. In this respect Landowska's "touch palette" is phenomenal. Using a pure legato as a norm, she throws accented beats into sharp relief by prefacing them with an instant of silence; through a nice calculation of spaces between tones she clarifies rhythmic patterns and punctuates phrases.

Ahlgrimm uses practically no gradations between legato and staccato, with the result that if she has any clear mental images of characteristic rhythms, they fail to come through to the listener.

Shadings of articulation are, of course, also effective on the piano. Most pianists, however, make very little use of them, since they are accustomed to expressing rhythms through dynamic accents. Thus, wherever rapid motion occurs in these pieces, Tureck plays the fast notes with a uniform staccato touch. This is presumably for the purpose of achieving clarity in the individual lines, which it does, or of imitating the articulation of the harpsichord, which it does *not*. In any case, it robs many themes of their rhythmic vitality.

One of the admirable qualities of the piano is the facility it offers for bringing out a melody at will while subordinating other tones that are sounding simultaneously. It is a dangerous quality, however, and one which is definitely misapplied when it is used to bring out the subject continuously throughout a four- or five-voice fugue. The interesting thing about a fugue, after all, is not its subject, which cannot be missed and which every listener knows by heart by the time it has entered three or four times. It is, rather, the ever-changing counterpoint that is combined with the subject in so many different ways. Then again, a fugue has its own inherent dynamic structure: the total volume varies automatically as individual parts enter, drop out, and join forces. If the counterpoints are always subordinated to the subject, this structure is destroyed; the fugue becomes an accompanied melody, and an inordinately repetitious one at that. Tureck does not escape this pitfall, especially in fugues of the ricercar type, such as Nos. 4, 7, and 22.

Still another unfortunate result of this idiomatic use of the piano is the undue mitigation of dissonance. A case in point is the B minor Fugue, which probably expresses the maximum degree of suffering that can be expressed in music. Landowska piles register upon register until the harsh intervals (that Frescobaldi would have called *durezze*) are screaming with pain. In the piano version they pass virtually unnoticed, being subordinated to the subject. Tureck's mellifluous piano tone is always beautiful, but sometimes out of character.

At this point, however, it must be admitted that it is better to be out of character than to have no character at all. It may seem to the reader that Tureck has been picked upon immoderately while Ahlgrimm has escaped with a bare mention. If this is so, it is because Ahlgrimm's approach to the "Well-Tempered Clavier" is fundamentally a negative one. She plays the notes, clearly and distinctly. She executes the ornaments, for the most part correctly; she even adds some where she has learned it was conventional to do so. She makes judicious changes in dynamics and booms out the long notes with such force that there is no danger that they will not last. But the interpretation of most of these pieces is left for the listener to reconstruct as best he may.

Landowska—"phenomenal 'touch palette'."

Tureck—"gifted and sensitive artist."

Ahlgrimm—"a negative approach."

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From Nickel, Tonal Gold

By ADDISON FOSTER

THE brilliant achievements of sound recording and reproduction in these postwar years have spawned a new breed, the high-fidelity addict, to whom the worth of a recorded work is measured in terms of cycles and decibels. To any of this fraternity, the mere mention of a prewar recording brings a look of commiseration such as the driver of a hot-rod might bestow upon a man behind the wheel of the family sedan. However, the very technique by which the extended frequency range of contemporary recording technique is transmitted to the finished disc provides a magic key to previously unsuspected tonal and dynamic riches latent in the original matrices of many older recordings.

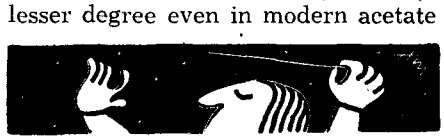
A superb example is a recent RCA Victor reissue of the Kreisler-Rachmaninoff performances of Grieg's C major Sonata and Schubert's Duo (LCT 1128). Apart from the obvious historic value of the collaboration, the actual sound reproduction on RCA's LP is of such lifelike quality as to gratify the most critical ear. Yet these recordings were made a quarter of a century ago! Additional examples of the marvelous realism achieved during an era described as antediluvian by devotees of the soaring cycle are the Symphonies No. 5 by Schubert and No. 104 by Haydn, recorded by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic in the late Thirties and now reissued by Columbia (ML 4771).

The most striking aspect of these and other representative LP or 45-rpm reissues is their vivid superiority to prewar issues of the identical recorded performance—this despite the necessity for electro-mechanical transfer from 78-rpm matrices to magnetic tape to microgroove matrices. The listener may well wonder what is responsible for the metamorphosis. The answer lies largely in the solid nickel stamper matrix, a postwar development which has made it feasible for the first time in the history of recording to transmit to the finished disc the full value of sound captured in the original recording.

To appreciate the function of the solid nickel stamper matrix we must bear in mind the principles of the infinite matrix system by means of which a recorded performance can be preserved intact, a system which has remained basically unchanged since its inception at the turn of the century. Although most recordings today are captured initially on magnetic tape and then transferred to acetate recording blanks, pre-tape recordings were graven directly onto wax blanks. Either way, the matrix process is the same. The original grooved recording, be it wax or acetate, is treated so that it will conduct an electric current and is then immersed in a bath of noble metal in molecular solution. When electric current is turned on, the noble metal molecules are deposited on the face of the acetate (or wax), forming a perfect negative with every microscopic convolution of the grooves transformed into corresponding ridges. The noble metal shell is then backed with copper of suitable thickness, and the result is the precious "master matrix."

The master matrix could theoretically be used to press finished records, but it would soon deteriorate in the process. So that the master may retain its pristine state indefinitely, it is immersed in a secondary bath containing nickel in molecular solution, and by the same means of electrodeposition a "mother matrix" is formed. Then follows a third process of electro-deposition in which the mother is immersed in another bath of metal in molecular solution to form the "stamper matrix." This is the actual working matrix which is placed in the press to manufacture finished discs. Any stamper taken from the mother matrix of an original recording is called a "full-contour original stamper matrix." If the finished disc is pressed directly from a full-contour stamper, we have the original recording with the sound track exactly as graven at the time of performance. However, for reasons which follow, the stamper matrix in prewar days was rarely used in its full-contour form but was subjected to mutations of buffing and superplating which vitiated the aural qualities latent in the original recording.

The practice of buffing stampers developed by reason of physical defects inherent in wax blanks (and to a lesser degree even in modern acetate blanks), defects which were transmitted to the master matrix and in turn to the mother and the stampers. Although wax responded admirably to the impetus of a recording stylus, it had a tendency to granulate, causing a roughness in the groove which could be heard in the recording as a pronounced "swish." Also, minute bubbles of air were often exposed in the path of the recording stylus, and these—faithfully transmitted through the infinite matrix system—could be heards as "tics" in the finished record. In the very early days of the industry, record material was itself so rough that these defects in the stamper were academic. But around 1912 record pressing material of smoother consistency was developed which rendered the "tics" and "swish" plainly audible.



TO reduce these noises, the record companies fell into the habit of buffing stampers. They would mount the stamper on a rotating shaft and bevel the grooves with jewelers' rouge. This did away with the "tics" and "swish" very nicely, but it also did away with the delicate overtones engraved in the stamper soundtrack! And this was not all. In prewar days, before the solid nickel stamper was perfected, all stampers were made of copper and then plated with a layer of nickel to make them more durable in the press. But though the nickel superplating increased the stamper's durability, it materially blunted the delicate pattern of the soundtrack. This double mutation of buffing and superplating so distorted the stampers that pressings from them presented only an approximation of the tonal value latent in the master matrix. As it happened, this loss of fidelity was of no practical concern to the general public, since most prewar phonographs could not reproduce above 4,500 cycles anyway.

Nowadays the old limitations no longer apply. In preparing high-quality microgroove transcriptions from 78-rpm recordings, the engineers prepare the requisite set of 78-rpm pressings stamped direct from virgin full-contour stampers of solid nickel without buffing or superplating. From this set of special pressings they "dub" the sound via tape onto new acetates of the desired microgroove speed. "Tics" and "swish" are filtered out electronically, without musical detriment. Because no electro-mechanical system of transcription is perfect, there is inevitably some loss in the process. Even so, a transcription from full-contour stampers is vividly superior to the mutated 78-rpm pressings as formerly produced. The best of these transcriptions reveal a previously un-

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suspected frequency range of some 3,000 to 4,000 cycles *above* that which could be heard on the old mutated pressings. The resultant effect is akin to the visual impact of seeing a familiar painting after it has been thoroughly cleaned of the accumulation of discolored varnish.

The transcription process, in connection with the solid nickel stamper, lends itself most admirably to the transfer of electrical recordings. For technological reasons, pre-1925 recordings made by the old acoustical process are more apt to show a perceptible loss in microgroove transfer, though in several instances very fine results have been accomplished.

THE phonograph has fulfilled its role as historian for more than half a century. Even before the days of electrical recording, the range and nuance of great vocal art was magnificently captured by the recording diaphragm. Geraldine Farrar has said that acoustical recording "allowed each individual a perfect vocal reproduction of timbre and dynamics." Thus, although the old record catalogues were sadly deficient in symphonic fare, they were replete with vocal recordings of surpassing value. The solid nickel stamper matrix has a fascinating application in the production of direct pressings from original matrices of these early acoustical treasures. I have tested such pressings made direct from virgin full-contour stampers recorded in the acoustical era. The results are startling, revealing a frequency range up to 5,500 cycles in some of the later acoustics as compared to a limit of some 2,500 cycles in mutated pressings of the identical recordings. When such direct originals are played on fine equipment with a 3-mil stylus, the voices of the past can be heard with thrilling presence.

In consequence of these developments, the writer, in cooperation with the major record companies, has arranged for a series of limited editions of these original recordings issued on behalf of The American Gramophone Society. So that the collector may hear the full radiance and dynamic scope of these antique originals, just as graven by the voice of the living artist, no attempt is made to buff away those surface flaws which derived from the waxes at the actual time of recording many years ago. Thus, the solid nickel stamper matrix, in addition to its important role in transmitting the brilliantly extended frequency range of ultra-modern recording technique, has also proven to be the means by which the veil of time can be pulled aside to display the legendary voices from another age.

For those who can afford the finest

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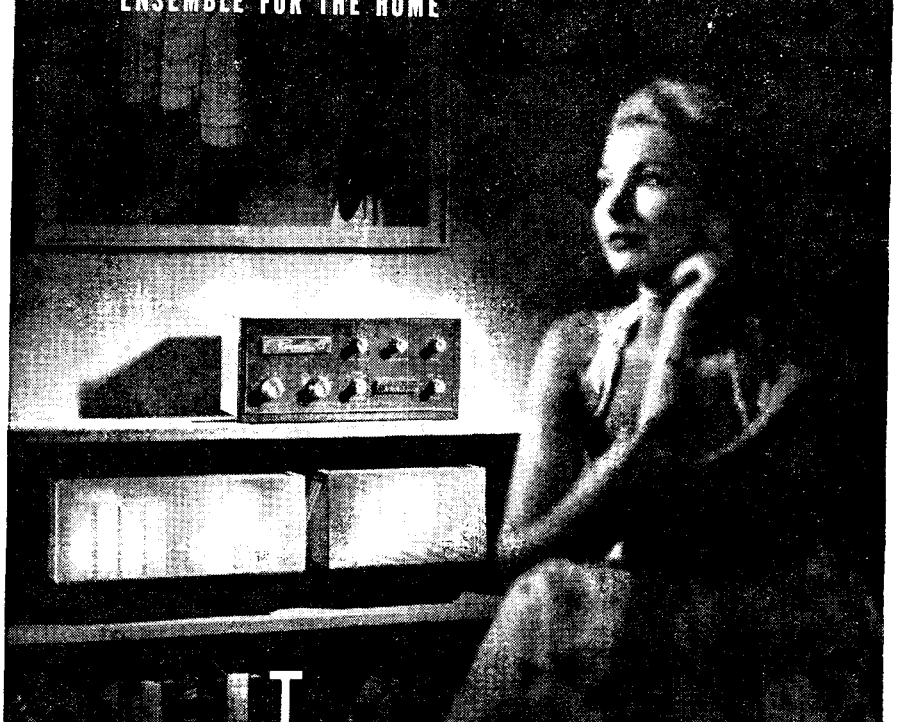

THE Regency High Fidelity Ensemble has been developed and built without regard to cost for the ultimate in performance and maximum in "concert hall" presence. All units are non-hygroscopic—providing complete protection against all adverse effects of moisture. Each unit is individually calibrated and each has an individual response curve which is supplied with the ensemble. The equipment is guaranteed forever against defects in material and workmanship.

An outstanding innovation is the variable crossover compensator which provides much closer matching to crossover characteristics of the better loudspeaker systems.

In addition to a flat response across a range both ends of which are far beyond the limits of audibility, the equipment has an unusual characteristic flexibility which allows precise adjustments not only for the source of the sound but for the particular room acoustic and individual psychoacoustics. This is achieved by an extraordinary range of controls which are: a continuous variable loudness control which selects proper Fletcher-Munson curve to a particular listening level; gain control (which is a recording level compensator); six position crossover selector for adjustment to various recording characteristics; low frequency response equalizer. The flexibility assured by these controls makes each Regency owner his own impressario.

An utterly new concept in appearance, Regency's Professional High Fidelity Ensemble is designed with such striking simplicity that it need not be housed in a cabinet. The gold and black units are show pieces worthy of display in modern or traditional surroundings. Regency designed the set to be functional as well as beautiful with handsome perforated gold shields to protect the unit . . . protective plate glass tops reveal the impressive component assembly.

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An Old Idea on a New Label

CAMDEN Records, RCA's new line of low-priced record reprints, is the fruition of an old idea which has been submitted to the industry time and again during the past quarter century. Irving Kolodin stated it persuasively back in 1946 when he suggested (in his "New Guide to Recorded Music") that since book publishers found it profitable to reissue erstwhile bestsellers in low-cost editions, record publishers might find it equally advantageous to reissue the phonographic staples of yesteryear at economy prices. The record makers demurred; books and discs, they said, were two very different kettles of fish. For years it seemed as if the idea would remain only an idea. Then came LP and tape, bringing with them a revolution in the phonograph economy and a new set of values within the industry. The reprint idea was taken from the shelf, dusted off, and found to have some merit. Camden Records is the latest and most ambitious result.

At $1.89 per LP the Camden products are startling values, for they are the same recordings which sold in their Red Seal incarnation less than a decade ago for about four times the price. With them RCA hopes to reach a whole new strata of low-budget record buyers who have heretofore been loath to invest in standard-price LP's of serious music. The Camden line is being produced and marketed by RCA's Custom Record Division (which has previously manufactured records only to the order of outside, independent companies) rather than by the regular Victor organization, overburdened as it is already without the increment of another label. In addition, the Camdens are being sold and shipped to dealers directly instead of through the established Victor distributors, and this provided another good reason for divorcing the Camden line from the Victor Division.

The program got under way last summer. By October enough records had been produced for a test sale in Boston and Detroit. "If the records had flopped there," admits Jim Davis, head of the Custom Record Division, "we would have abandoned the project right away. There's no use pushing something nobody wants." But people did want the Camdens. Some five thousand records were sold through two Detroit outlets in four weeks. This was a bright green light which signaled "Go Ahead" in no uncertain terms, and by January or February at the latest the Camden series will be available throughout the country.

As of now there are twenty-one LP's in the "Classical" category and an additional eight in the "Light Concert" category listed in the Camden catalogue. Each month will see fresh additions until a total of 150 LP's is reached, at which point the catalogue will be stabilized. Thereafter, new Camdens will be added only as old ones are deleted. Recorded raw material is drawn from the Red Seal catalogue as it existed a few years back, choice of repertoire being influenced principally by past sales performance. It is no secret that Victor's steady sellers during the Thirties and the Forties were standard symphonic pieces as recorded by the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the San Francisco Symphony, and the Boston "Pops." But you will see none of these names on the Camden labels. Instead, there are such unlikely appellations as the Warwick, the Centennial, and the World Wide Symphony Orchestras. This anonymity is at the behest of the orchestra managements, who felt one and all that sales of current recordings would suffer (and hence their royalties) if cheap reprints of older recordings carried the name of the performing orchestra. Their reasons seemed valid to RCA; hence the *noms des disques*.

To the well-informed discophile, however, the code will not be hard to break. Indeed, reference to the Gramophone Shop or Clough-Cuming encyclopedias will yield the secrets easily. The Warwick Symphony Orchestra, for instance, is represented by Saint-Saëns' "Carnival of the Animals," the Dvorak "New World" and Brahms First Symphonies, Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," Mussorgsky's "A Night on Bare Mountain," and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole." There is only one orchestra (and one conductor) in the pre-LP Victor catalogue which accounted for all these works; track it down and you have the key to Warwick. Likewise the Centennial Symphony, which is heard in "Peter and the Wolf," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Pictures at an Exhibition," Schubert's Fifth and "Unfinished," Tchaikovsky's Fourth, and Sibelius's Second Symphony; only one pre-LP Victor orchestra answers the description. As a matter of fact, anyone who collected records in the late Thirties need only listen to the inimitable narrator of "Peter and the Wolf" to identify the recording and the orchestra. It was a classic in its day, and still is.

NOT all the Camdens are anonymous. Richard Crooks appears under his own name, as do Erica Morini and Lawrence Tibbett. The widow of a famous conductor represented in the Camden series would have liked her husband's name mentioned on the label, but the orchestra with which he was associated for a quarter century objected. In time RCA hopes that the present veil of anonymity will be lowered. Once it can be demonstrated to the managements of the various orchestras involved that the Camdens tap a new market rather than bite into an existing market, the RCA people look for a change of policy. Inasmuch as anyone who wants to can figure out who recorded what, the whole affair seems pretty pointless anyway.

Thanks to the rehabilitation techniques described by Addison Foster on page 50, these 1935 to 1947 recordings sound remarkably well via the microgroove medium. The discs have been carefully engineered and are pressed in the same quality plastic as the Red Seals. But they are not the ultimate in high fidelity and are not being sold as such. Neither are they

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being touted as mementos of surpassing historical value. After all, RCA Victor has its gold-label Treasury series, at standard prices, for the resuscitation of hallowed recordings from the past. But there is often a thin line separating the reissues at $5.72 from those at $1.89. The "Peter and the Wolf" mentioned above might well have borne gold labels, likewise the same conductor's "Pictures at an Exhibition." Camden's recording of "Le Sacre du Printemps" is conducted by a musician who has been identified with the score for four decades; had he not recently re-recorded it with another orchestra, this version could easily have been considered worthy of the Treasury.

AT present, Camden Records are *sui generis*. Columbia's Entré series is the closest equivalent, but it belongs to a higher price category ($2.98) and is not exclusively a reprint line. About three-quarters of the present Entré catalogue is composed of reissues, the remainder being devoted to new recordings never published here before. As the catalogue grows, the ratio of new recordings will increase, for Columbia's backlist is not of mammoth proportions and the bottom of the barrel is already being scraped. That barrel, however, has yielded some very worthwhile LP's: Hamilton Harty's "Water Music," the Reiner-Piatigorsky "Don Quixote," the Von Karajan-Vienna Philharmonic Ninth Symphony, the La Scala "Barbiere" and "Rigoletto" featuring Riccardo Stracciari. This month Entré has dredged up several more operatic sets from the old Columbia catalogue, including "Manon" with Germaine Féraldy and Joseph Rogatchewsky, and the abridged "Louise" with Ninon Vallin and Georges Thill. The twenty-five-year-old recording technique leaves much to be desired (it was not first-class even in its own day), but it transmits a style and elan that cannot be duplicated in this repertoire today.

The other "majors" in the record industry have announced no plans for competing reprint series, though it is certain they will watch the progress of RCA's Camden series with more than casual interest. Capitol could presumably draw on the large Telefunken catalogue for a cheap reprint line, Decca could utilize the Polydor and Parlophone-Odeon backlists, and London could reissue its own memorable pre-LP recordings at a lower price. These are hypothetical possibilities. But there is nothing hypothetical about the good fortune of the budget-conscious record collector: his lot these days is more and better records per dollar expended.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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Recordings in Review

The Veritable Horowitz

SCHUBERT: *Sonata in B flat; also works of Chopin, Scriabin, Prokofiev, etc. Vladimir Horowitz, piano, as played in a Carnegie Hall recital, February 25, 1953.* (RCA Victor LM 6014, $11.44.)

WHAT IS the case for the concert-hall vs. the studio recording? Szymon Goldberg, the well-respected violinist, put it well in a conversation some time ago when he said: "In a recording it is possible to be always 98 per cent. But you are never, as sometimes in a concert, 105 per cent." That observation is so well borne out by a comparison of Horowitz's performance in the concert-hall atmosphere as reproduced here of the Chopin B minor Scherzo with a studio recording issued a while ago as to be axiomatic.

Almost always, on records, Horowitz has been 98 or 99 per cent of maximum efficiency. That is a kind of consistency hard to exceed. But here for the first time (other than in the overstimulated associations with Arturo Toscanini, where the two men ran out of percentages completely) does one hear the dramatic pause and the smashing attack in the factual instant of occurrence. Like any great performer—as underlined by Peter Dellheim in his article "The Fine Art of Recording" [*SR* Dec. 12]—Horowitz performs in the mood of an occasion. Having reached the point of proficiency where substantial accuracy can be taken for granted, it is the "mood of the occasion" which sets apart these vitalized, remarkably rich and colorful *performances* from his previous *recordings*. Outstanding is a Scriabin group which leaves no doubt that Horowitz is his predestined interpreter.

However, I do not find his performance of the great posthumous (B flat) sonata of Schubert any more persuasive on second hearing than first. Everything about his equipment (including the oversized sound) is wrong for it: the dynamics overstressed, the outbursts of power not what is wanted in the context of these musical phrases. What seems to me most damning—despite the outburst of applause at the end—is that the playing doesn't hold my attention. For a virtuoso of Horowitz's enormous magnetism, it proves—to me, at least—that so far as his art is concerned, Schubert is nonresponsive.

The technical work has been superbly managed, though I have a feeling the repeated bursts of applause are going to be a bore on repeated hearings of the records. But the piano sound fills the hall as it rarely does with a studio-recorded instrument, most of all in those overwhelming climaxes for which this artist is celebrated.

Blurred Barere

SCHUMANN: *"Toccata," Opus 7; also other works by Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Balakirev, etc. Simon Barere, piano.* (Remington R 199-141, $2.99.)

IN THE context of the preceding, this compilation of "takes" from various, unspecified concerts in Carnegie Hall shows distinctly that there is no virtue *per se* in such material any more than there is in a studio performance. Each has to be a fulfilment of the opportunity presented, and this is—for the most part—so far from the effect of Simon Barere's playing in the concert hall as to be less service than disservice to his memory. For the most part, the microphone placement was bad, the piano sound dull, the transfer from whatever discs were originally used not too expertly made. For the most part too, there is no particular "hall" quality in the sound, all the applause notwithstanding.

In the terms of Barere's repertory, the Schumann "Toccata" may be cited as an instance of what made him, the same composer's "Traumeswirren" what unmade him. That is to say, the former work, for all its unsatisfying sound, re-creates the excitement and force of his pianistic personality; the second holds it up to the light of poetic expression and shows it full of opaque areas and blind spots by which too much is left unrevealed. All things considered, it would be improper for anyone unacquainted with Barere to compose a picture of him from these details, though this record might very well jog the memory of someone who knew his art well.

The Importance of Being Ansermet

RAVEL: *Concerto in G and "Concerto for the Left Hand." Jacqueline Blancard, piano, with the Orchestra of the Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet.* (London LL 797, $5.95.) *Concerto in G. Marguerite Long, piano, with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, Georges Tzipine conducting; also* FAURÉ: *"Ballade." Marguerite Long, with André Cluytens conducting.* (Angel 35013, $5.95/$4.95.)

REVIEWING the Ansermet catalogue in the light of this recording, one is struck by the infrequency of his participation in performances with other artists, that is, as conductor of concertos (he has, of course, done a fair share of opera and other works with vocal assistance). I don't know if this is due to anything but chance, but the impression of this disc is that it is a rare artist who could stand up to the kind of challenge Ansermet makes of the orchestral part in such music as this.

Mme. Blancard is a good, but not in that sense a rare, artist, and her fair share of deftness, of color contrast, and of dynamic range leaves her a little short of the Ansermet standard. But what a standard that is! Other conductors have given these works of Ravel varying degrees of personal accent (Leonard Bernstein's well-remembered performance of the Concerto in G almost had Ravel speaking Harlemese) but one doubts if the pure, undistorted tonal values of the two scores have ever been so thoroughly organized. Such words as iridescent, opalescent, and even, to quote Johnny Mercer, "that old standby" incandescent, are automatically invoked. Let there be a word too for the delicate differences of values the London engineers have arranged for our pleasure, even to making the sound of the piano so distinct as to persuade one this is no Steinway on which Mme. Blancard is operating.

Mme. Long's latest version (she was long represented by a Columbia album with the composer conducting) is authoritative to the extent that the work is dedicated to her. She plays it affectionately, of course, and with considerable expressive effect, but all the values are broader, less finely

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organized than in the Ansermet-Blancard effort. Tzipine, who is not known to me otherwise, does his work well. The Fauré "Ballade" as Mme. Long presents it is also a more thick-toned, less poetic thing than it can be in other hands. The recorded quality of each is just about average, meaning that, so far as the values in Ravel are concerned, the London is superior on all counts.

The Reiner Bach

BACH: *Suites (C major, B minor, D major). Fritz Reiner conducting the RCA Victor Orchestra, with Julius Baker, flute soloist.* (RCA Victor LM 6012, $11.44.)

TO JUDGE from Fritz Reiner's attention to the complete Suites of Bach (orchestral) as a parallel to the series of "Brandenburg" Concertos he made for Columbia several years, it is evident he feels more than casual kinship to this idiom. Previously he had also made the B minor Suite with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

Aside from the D major (No. 3), which is performed with an initial energy that provides a beautiful setting for the succeeding Air, there is no particular impulse on which to credit or discredit these performances. I do not like the ritards in the B minor Suite, which seem to me more artificial and overdone by Julius Baker—usually a flutist of supremely good taste—than in Reiner's previous treatment with Sebastian Caratelli as principal. On the other hand the brisk clarity, the persuasive attention to detail, the generously righteous insistence on rhythmic precision and accurate articulation through the instrumental compass are qualities that attest to the energy and workmanship which Fritz Reiner brought to these tasks.

What I find lacking (save in the D major No. 3, which develops an almost Handelian brilliance when the trumpets perform) is a personal involvement on Reiner's part, either for good or bad. It is as though he were content to act as a pharmacist mixing the ingredients prescribed by someone unknown. Maybe the prescription will work, maybe not; in any case, it will not be the compounder's responsibility. More personal conviction, it seems to me, is every performer's obligation. The recording of the D (No. 3) is impressively good, though a shade high in pitch; the others are accurate and mostly without aural glamour.

The Best of Beecham

HAYDN: *Symphony in D (No. 104);* also SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 5 in B flat. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4771, $5.95.)

MOZART: *Symphonies No. 29 and 34. The same.* (Columbia ML 4781, $5.95.) *Symphonies No. 35 and 36. The same.* (Columbia ML 4770, $5.95.)

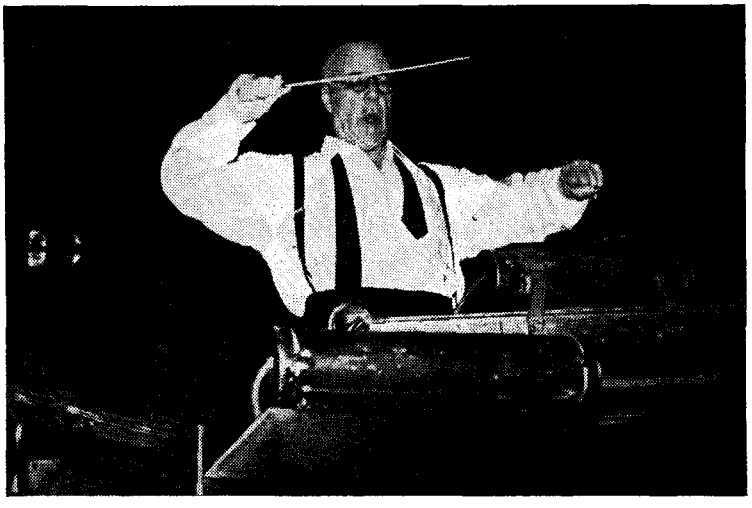
FOR its failure to keep the aural pipeline open between Sir Thomas and ourselves in the last year, Columbia doubtless has some excellent and pertinent reasons, mostly having to do with the newly created affiliation with Philips and the attendant obstacles to a smooth-flowing program. I am not inclined to the view that all, or nearly all, has been done that might have been done, and Columbia might find itself penalized therefore one of these days. But these superior transfers from older 78's give us some of the best of Beecham in a tonal luxuriance not hitherto imagined to be in the original recordings.

As it comes from the present disc, thanks to the ingenuity and resource of the Columbia engineers—and the values imparted to the originals in 1938-39—, the Haydn symphony is not appreciably inferior to the current contemporary standard. It is in every respect a characteristic performance, as is the Schubert, and the refining skills of the engineers have not only seized upon every audible virtue in the original, but also subdued some mechanical noises. The accompanying Schubert symphony is equally rich in musical treasure, and comparable in mechanical excellence.

Of the inimitable group of Mozart symphonies, I find the A major (No. 29) a little complaisant in gait, as before, but the companioning No. 34 (C major) surcharged with the kind of vitality and elan which spelled B-e-e-c-h-a-m to those who grew up under his musical sign. Such fervor and passion in the pursuit of melodic justice are rare attributes any place at any time, and Columbia has performed a genuine public service—as well as a canny commercial one—in reminding us that, as between T's, there is sometimes as much to be said for Thomas as for Toscanini. Certainly, the Mozartian andante lives and breathes with more ease and expansiveness with Beecham than Toscanini.

Plainly the foregoing pair of originals gave Columbia more to work with than the disc containing Nos. 35 and 36 (which draw a blank in the usually methodical dating of source material in this series of reissues). Actually, the standard of input is at the same high level that prevails in the previous couplings, but the acoustical surroundings are less favorable —tending toward deadness and lack of definition in the bass—and the result is a decline in output. At the same time, the pure Mozartian content is surpassingly high, assuring beyond any doubt that these are documentations of a stylistic attitude, a musical point of view which give Sir Thomas, among other things, preeminence among contemporary conductors of Mozart. If there is any honest doubt in this respect, it should be resolved—for the unprejudiced mind —by the well-formed, poised, and unostentatious treatment of the andante in the No. 35 ("Haffner") Symphony. With it is a performance of the No. 36 ("Linz") which should discourage any "specialist" from a competitive effort for another decade at least.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



" . . . the kind of vitality and elan which spelled B-e-e-c-h-a-m . . ."

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Britten: "Diversions on a Theme for Piano and Orchestra." Siegfried Rapp, piano, with Arthur Rother conducting. Urania URLP 7101, $5.95.	An attractive work created by Britten during his American wartime stay (1940) for the one-armed virtuoso Paul Wittgenstein, and unaccountably neglected since then. (Performance rights may have been reserved by Wittgenstein.) The unknown Rapp plays it persuasively, and the recording is excellent. With it is Elly Ney's knowing, if not ideally lighthanded, playing of the Strauss "Burleske."
Chausson: "Poème." Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Izler Solomon conducting. RCA Victor LM 7017, $5.72.	Admirable violin playing by Heifetz, marred by recording in the old-fashioned "concerto" tradition: undue prominence for the solo instrument, an inferior status for the orchestra, deadish studio recording, with virtually no room tone. Heifetz and the Conus Concerto (on side two) will have their public, but the Francescatti version (with Ormandy) does more for Chausson and the "Poème."
Chopin: Waltzes. Ania Dorfmann, piano. Bluebird LBC 1050, $2.98.	Miss Dorfmann plays fluently a sequence of her own devising, and her neat kind of piano sound is well reproduced. However, I find it rather more machine-made than befits the music, especially in the more showy pieces. More animation in the slower waltzes, more sentiment in the faster ones would bring into better relationship the values now too segregated.
Grieg: Concerto in A minor, Opus 16. *Grant Johannesen, piano, with Walter* Goehr conducting the Netherlands Philharmonic. MMS 2002, $1.50.	Prime example of an excellent series of records created by the Concert Hall people (for sale by *mail only) in the name of the Musical Masterwork Society. Johannesen performs with energy,* clarity, and taste, ably partnered by Goehr and the good orchestra. The second side offers the best-sounding "Holberg Suite" of Grieg now available, with the strings of the orchestra performing suavely under the direction of Maurits van den Berg.
Handel: "Overture"—Suite, etc. Karl Haas and the London Baroque Ensemble. Decca DL 4070, $2.50.	Further identification of this lively and sonorous music is lacking in Decca's customarily barren presentation of this series. Those who love the sound of woodwinds and horns superbly played will want this, anonymous as it is.
Khachaturian: Symphony No. 2. The composer conducting the National Philharmonic Orchestra. Colosseum CRLP $5.95.	Though the Khachaturian market at the present time is decidedly depressed, this work of 1943 has its impressive moments, especially in the funereal slow movement utilizing the "Dies irae." Those who are partial to the Khachaturian of the "Gayne" ballet will find more of the same style of writing in the second movement. The recording tends to shrieky highs and tubby bass, with no special pleasure-content *per se*.
Humperdinck: "Hansel and Gretel" Overture, Dream Pantomime, etc. John Hollingsworth conducting the Covent Garden Orchestra. M-G-M E-3072, $4.85.	The good impression Hollingsworth has made as second conductor with the Sadler's Wells Ballet is substantially strengthened by his direction here of the Humperdinck music and a second-side Grieg melange. The latter consists of three excerpts from "Sigurd Jorsalfar" and the two "Elegaic Melodies" for strings. Hollingsworth has a warm feeling for the swelling sentiments of both men, and it is well controlled. Clear, even sound.
Mendelssohn: "Variations Sérieuses," etc. Dorothea Winand-Mendelssohn, piano. Decca DL 4080, $2.50.	What the relationship of this pianist is to the composer, I have no way of knowing, this being another of the series in which Decca considers a gold label more important than proper editorial presentation. In any case, though Miss Winand-Mendelssohn is well-acquainted with the content of the music, she makes her points overdeliberately in a rather angular style. Good piano sound.
Mozart: Concerto in A (K. 622). Jos D'hondt, clarinet, with orchestra directed by Walter Goehr. MMS 2003, $1.50.	Further instance of the fine qualities in the records of the Musical Masterwork Series (see Grieg above). D'hondt is a Dutch clarinet virtuoso of the first order, who plays his instrument, and the music, beautifully, though without Kell's kind of expressiveness. Similarly, the A major violin concerto (K. 219) is played expertly by Theo Olof on side two, though without the refinement of Morini's Prades version with Casals and orchestra. Decidedly good recording.
Mozart: Sonata in A (K. 331). Leonid Hambro, piano. Remington 199-135, $2.99.	Hambro spreads a remarkable aura of composure and sensitivity around his artful playing of Mozart, which is to say that all the dynamic values are beautifully framed by his fine-grained phrasing. Many a more celebrated artist could profit by his example in this work and the second side Haydn sonatas (Nos. 1 and 7). Good, small-scale piano sound.
Reger: "Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue," etc. Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo-pianists. Remington 199-143, $2.99.	As musical ventures go, this is a labor of love by all concerned, with the most evident amount of it lavished by the performers on a highly ingenious if not too responsive score. It would be *difficult to imagine more unified yet flexible duopianism than the Luboshutzes achieve in this* work and the overside collection of Weber (Rondo in D), Chopin (Rondo in C), and shorter pieces. Bright, somewhat metallic piano sound, but acutely suggestive of the style and personality of the performers.
Sarasate: "Zigeunerweisen." Michael Rabin, violin, with Donald Voorhees conducting. Columbia AL 38, $2.85.	For accuracy, zest, and fluency, this is an amazing achievement for young Rabin, though I wish Columbia had been content to convey his tone at normal breadth rather than blowing it up by microphone placement. I would say, too, that both its sobriety and *zigeunerism* are overproduced, tending to the showy rather than the merely brilliant. For a ten-inch side, the coupling of Paganini's and Novacek's "Perpetual Motions" (on side two) is rather short measure.
Strauss-Dorati: "Graduation Ball." Anatole Fistoulari conducting the New Symphony. London LL 883, $5.95.	Buoyant, lively production of the engaging score made by Antal Dorati from miscellaneous Johann Strauss works. As is customary with too many annotations, we are told the names of the familiar elements of the score, but not those we don't know. Musically, however, the issue is mostly virtuous, for the sound of the big orchestra has fine suavity and the kind of detailed clarity for which London is noted. In both respects it is much preferable to the coarser sound of the RCA version made by Dorati and the Dallas Orchestra several years ago.
Verdi: "Il lacerato spirito" ("Boccanegra"), *etc. Ezio Pinza, basso, with* Erich Leinsdorf conducting. RCA Victor LM 1751, $5.72.	A remarkable semblance of the Pinza authority and eloquence, one of a series of excerpts from "Don Carlo," "Ernani," "Nabucco," and "I Vespri Siciliani" ("O tu, Palermo"). The top voice is scarcely dependable, but the bottom is still remarkably fine, the singer's sense of line all-conquering. Leinsdorf does his work very well. The second-side collection of Mozart arias ("Madamina," "Deh, vieni alla finestra," "Non, piu andrai," "Se vuol ballare," and two "Magic Flute" excerpts sung in Italian) contains more that is vocally questionable, especially in pitch, but there are intermittent beauties worth listening for. Wallenstein and the orchestra accompanying the Mozart are not so well favored on the West coast as Leinsdorf in New York. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Borodin à la Mode

"KISMET": *Alfred Drake, Doretta Morrow, Richard Kinley, etc., with musical direction by Arthur Kay.* (Columbia ML 4850, $5.95.)

ONE is irresistibly reminded of one of the best lines in the late Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" by the appearance of this medley from the extravaganza called "Kismet," which came to New York during the newspaper strike. It was delivered by Brutus Jones, ex-Pullman porter and student of life, and went: "For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail; for de big stealin' dey makes you Emperor." When such composers as Sigmund Romberg "borrowed" a strain or two from Wagner or Puccini, they were considered reprobate; but when Messrs. Robert Wright and George Forrest ransack the whole literature of Borodin and come up with a shattering collection of odd-ends, they are somehow admired in some quarters as ingenious fellows and educators of the public taste. (They have a practised hand in autopsy, having operated previously on Grieg to produce "The Song of Norway.")

Of course, Borodin wrote as many lovely tunes as any Russian of his time, and the big melody of the "Polovtsian Dances" has its contour even when sung to the measure of "Strangers in Paradise." But as often as the ear is assuaged by such matter it is led astray by the turns and twists (not to say cuts and slices) imposed upon it to make it fit the Procrustean bed of Broadway. And once they have started "borrowing," they are in the usual position of the debtor—only what they go on borrowing from is Fletcher Henderson's "Christopher Columbus," Benny Goodman's "Sing, Sing, Sing," or anything else required to give the final fillip of slick "modernity" to something which will, fortunately, outlive all the sins against it.

For purposes of the "record," it should be mentioned that Columbia has done a first-class technical job of production, that Alfred Drake has rarely been in better form and Doretta Morrow has developed remarkably the promise she showed in "The King and I"—which Richard Rodgers was foolish enough to write out of his own head. When four voices get to climbing around each other in a vocal paraphrase of the slow movement from the D major Quartet, I can only wonder how long it will be till Messrs. Wright and Forrest get around to Bach, and a vocal version of the "Goldberg Variations."

—I. K.

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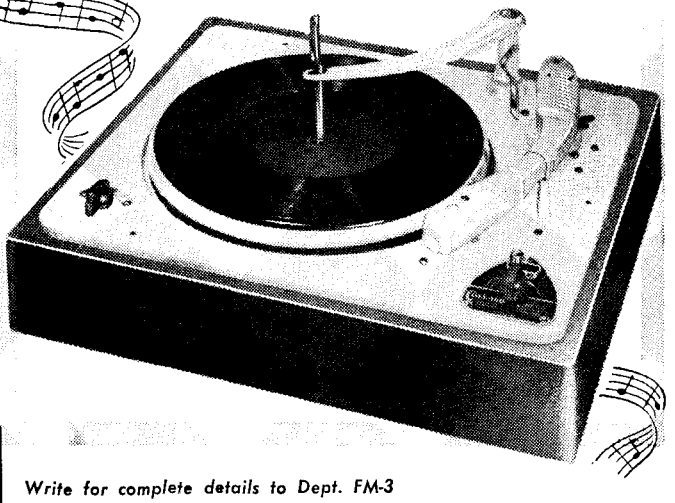

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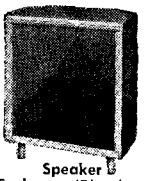

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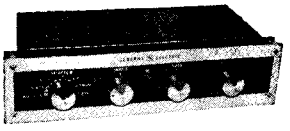

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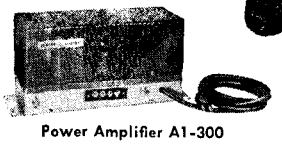

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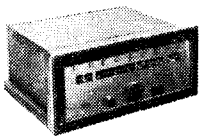

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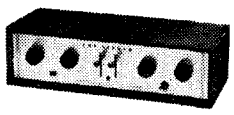

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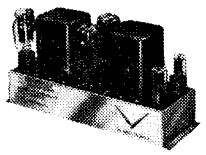

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Bellissima Bellini, Erratic Puccini

AS OFTEN as one comes upon the greatness of such a forgotten work as "I Puritani" (Angel 35035-6-7, $17.85/14.85), one is prompted again to consider the selective process of history and how it operates. Whether "Puritani" would wear as well, over as long a time, as "Lucia di Lammermoor" I hope is never subjected to a test. But allowing for all the impact of its fresh melodic spurt, for the unfamiliar rise and fall of its line, the judgment has to be that it is far greater music than "Lucia."

Why, then, does one persist and the other languish? "Puritani" has no such eartickling matter as the "Sextet," to be sure. But the answer is, I think, that "Lucia" demands an easier kind of specialized vocal technique than "Puritani," that it has been kept alive by the Melbas, Tetrazzinis, Galli-Curcis, Pagliughis, and Ponses, one of whom seems always to be coming when another is going. (We don't have a very good Lucia today, but we have good enough ones to make a performance possible.)

"Puritani," however, is a purposeless venture unless you have a dramatic soprano with a florid top, capable of high D's and E flats; a tenor who can live on the high level of A's and B's constantly, and make a real effect with a top D in "Vieni, fra queste braccia"; a mezzo who can color her tones and sing a florid phrase now and then; an acting bass-baritone who can sing legato, not to mention a conductor with the command of a style generally forgotten today.

The odd, exciting thing about Angel's initial operatic venture is that it has all these things in almost dazzling abundance. I don't say that Maria Meneghini Callas is an all-time great soprano or Giuseppe di Stefano is another Bonci, but they do a thoroughly convincing work of making one see the light of Bellini's creative flame; and that cannot be accomplished by microphone tricks or echo chambers. The fact is that, between them, Callas and Di Stefano do some of finest singing Italy has offered us since the war—in large part, I would say, due to the authoritative direction of Serafin.

Substantially speaking, this is my introduction to the art of Callas, and a highly persuasive one it is. It is a voice of curiously impersonal timbre, suggestive somewhat of Onegin's in her later years. But whatever she does, Callas does with style, with musicianly feeling, with a sense of line and dramatic purpose. Thus, one can listen to her as a fine instrumentalist performing with sure technique, whether or not one likes the exact quality of sound his instrument produces. I find her effective throughout in suggesting that dead, disembodied quality of madness that Markova brings to her "Giselle." The dancer does it by limp-appearing actions, unvital gestures: the singer does it with cool, white vocal tone and very little vibrato. A striking further parallel is that Bellini's kind of sadly mad music is a very powerful precursor of Adam's style in "Giselle" a dozen years later.

Of the others, Di Stefano has never sung so well in anything, operating in true vocal character and mostly with good vocal manners. It is evident, periodically, that he doesn't have the technique to get the most from his beautiful voice, but the sound is mostly suave, fresh, and expressive, with some exceptional high points. Nicola Rossi-Lemeni is a fine Sir Giorgio, commanding a real legato when he doesn't push for volume, Rolando Panerai is a baritone to mark for future attention, Carlo Forti (Lord Walton) is first class, and Aurora Cattelani fulfils the difficult assignment of being Callas's opposite number in the mezzo range with notable artistry.

Altogether Angel has here shown

Tullio Serafin—"authoritative direction."

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much of the same understanding of the operatic problem that Cetra-Soria did in some of its outstanding sets, for the obvious reason (Dario Soria is as active in the new company as he was in the old). That includes a thoroughly effective literary presentation, beginning with an excellent essay on the work by Francis Toye, continuing with a full libretto well translated by William Fense Weaver. The sound is good enough to be left for mention to the last. Its rating, I would say, is B plus, or even A minus.

RECALLING Victor de Sabata as the firebrand of the concert halls, literally committing musical arson during his short eventful tour of duty in this country a few years ago, it is odd to find him in charge of a "Tosca" (Angel 35060-1, $11.90/$9.90) that dawdles uncomfortably in Acts I and III, drawing out every lush phrase to unheavenly lengths. Act II is decidedly better, since it has its own built-in drama, so to speak, which gets under De Sabata's skin with rousing results. The whole opera is much better prepared, in details of instrumental playing, tone quality, balance, etc., than is customary in opera recordings from Italy, save those by London.

In terms of vocalization, neither Callas (Tosca) nor Di Stefano (Cavaradossi) is as good as in "Puritani," or, perhaps, it is merely a matter of having a more accessible framework for comparison. Callas brings a strong personal accent to her Tosca, and it might be quite another story on the stage, but it is, in the main, not as good to listen to as Tebaldi's. However, it is decidedly better in Act II than in Act I, with her ample top a valuable asset in the climaxes where most soprani must be content with gasps, and a really well planned "Vissi d'arte." Contrariwise, Di Stefano is better in Acts I and, especially, III than he is in the drama-packed middle act. To complete a rather erratic vocal graph, Tito Gobbi lacks the kind of vocal resource desirable for a Scarpia on discs, though one gets a strong dramatic impact from his presentation.

If one has been looking to this Angel product for a definitive "Tosca," the answer has to be that it isn't. Of present-day recordings the London-Tebaldi is preferable, as the RCA-Gigli is of yesterday's. For those who are bargain-minded, mention may be made of the old Columbia Molajoli-conducted set, which has been reissued on the Entré label (EL-4). Its virtues were never more than modest, but the present price ($7.57) is much more in keeping with them than the original cost. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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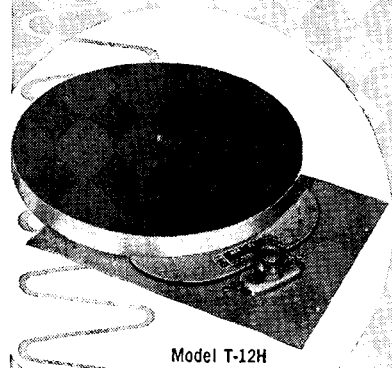

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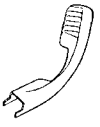

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HITS AND MISSES

Vive Josephine!

THIS month I have considered selling out and moving to Martinique, birthplace of the Empress Josephine. The provocation is an LP "Dance Music of Martinique" (Dial 402) by L'Orchestre Select-Tango and L'Orchestre Creole Folklorique. We are assured by the jacket notes that these outfits play in "an 1890ish structure with flaking yellow paint, galvanized metal roof, pulpit bandstand, and wormy balcony from which rum-drinking table sitters look down upon the dancers." It is also encouraging to read that while the tempos may suggest "frantic gyrations," the fact is that the performances of "the dance-minded and *demi-monde*" of Fort-de-France are actually a matter of "the belly or pelvis with a great deal of hip and knee action, the couples facing, arms linked about the partner's waist, and a minimum of foot action."

One can scarcely blame them. What comes off the bandstand is well nigh seraphic; it seems clear that the troubles of the great, grievous world have as yet failed to disturb the air of the "Select-Tango" dance hall. The key to the business is lovely, languid clarinet playing in a variety of rhythms, backed by some wonderfully simple, basic trombone and a rhythm section with "conventional drums, guitar, cello (played *pizzicato*), and *cha-cha*, a cylinder of rolled tin filled with hard pebbles, which is vigorously shaken by the percussionist." This all results in the happiest marriage of French, African, and Carib cultures, the forms including beguines, mazurkas, waltzes, and a gallop. I would like to know the names of the players, and am indebted to them for one of the freshest musical experiences I have had for some time.

Three piano items are of interest. Willie "The Lion" Smith is a talkative Harlem personality and cigar smoker who is fond of alluding to his European sojourns while operating delightfully at the keyboard. He has put together a mixed ragtime treat in "Harlem Memories" (Dial 305) which includes a good deal of Willie's gab as well as the skilful impersonation of many uptown players.

I am on previous record as finding Erroll Garner's piano work full of unpleasant rhythmic mannerisms (especially a kind of clobbering repetitiveness). But one thing may be said for Garner. Somewhere in his changeable playing there is apt to be something for any taste. He can scintillate. He can modernize. He can pour on a high-viscosity schmalz. He can be cool or hot, mahogany or magenta. He can be heard in all these phases in a new twelve-inch LP bearing his own name (Columbia CL 535) and devoted to just six numbers: "Caravan," "No Greater Love," "Avalon," "Lullaby of Birdland," "Memories of You," and "Will You Still Be Mine?" My own favorite passages are his bravura attack on "Caravan" and the subsequent modern-style sections of this interpretation.

THE CALIFORNIA modernists are in again with what may be called an elegant trumpet work in the newer modes. This is an LP by the Chet Baker Quartet (Pacific PJLP-6). Baker is certainly an elegant player and oftentimes a vigorous one; at other times he strikes me as rather wan. I wish he would more frequently toot that thing. But in his idiom he is very appealing and he is accompanied by a superb pianist, Russ Freeman, and by Carson Smith, bass, and Larry Bunker, drums. The numbers range between Freeman originals and Jerome Kern's "All the Things You Are."

Baker is also the trumpeter of the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, with Mulligan himself on the baritone saxophone, string bass, and drums. They have a 45-rpm offering (Pacific EP4-7) which carries on their light, lucid chamber jazz tradition with versions, among other tunes, of "Love Me or Leave Me" and "Tea for Two." I must say that I was a little put out by some rhapsodic prose, accompanying photographs of the quartet, on the jacket. A sample will suffice: "Stands the bowman, Sagittarius to the room's rime. Above him in the light, electric necessity strains its black ear down toward the great weapon of this archer of mute thunder. As the pallid squares of deadener slip into shadows, the bassist fingers his momentary beard of bow and cat . . ."

He can really play it, too.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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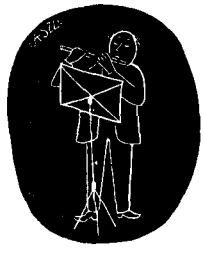
Premieres from the Vocal Barrel

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

REGARDING the unstopped spate of LP's, we have been hearing it said for some time that the record companies have been scraping the bottom of the barrel. Commercially that may be the case, though I incline to doubt it. From the historico-musical point of view, however, every composition retaining even the faintest spark of life is worth recording, worth listening to at least once or twice. If records of the lesser works of the great composers and the most characteristic works of lesser composers serve no other purpose, they will at least necessitate the complete rewriting of critical histories of music. There will soon be no excuse for any writer to accept untested the reputation of any composer or composition of even the slightest real worth.

Rich musical fare, and apparently a first recording, is John Blow's "An Ode on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell." This is done on Esoteric ES-519, $5.95, by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua, with two countertenors, two recorders, and harpsichord continuo. The timbre of the male alto will not appeal to every listener, but its rightness in this moving and flowery music is unquestionable. Blow set Dryden's tribute to Purcell with love; both performance and recording honor it. The reverse of this LP contains a miscellany of vocal and instrumental pieces and excerpts by Purcell himself. Like the Blow, they breathe the glowing, silvery musical atmosphere of seventeenth-century England.



Fascinating and exasperating is Berlioz's "Lélio," presented for the first time on Vox PL-8250, $5.95, as performed by the "Orchestra and Chorus of the New Paris Symphony Association," with the ubiquitous René Leibowitz conducting. This lyric monodrama is the sequel to the "Symphonie fantastique," from which it quotes the *idée fixe*. Its galimaufry of a text requires a speaking actor, three vocal soloists, three instrumental soloists, chorus, and full orchestra. In addition to long spoken passages, it contains a setting, in German, of a Goethe poem; vocal passages, both solo and choral, in French; and a wonderful chorus in Italian. Much of it is ridiculous to twentieth-century ears. But embedded in it are short passages of piercing lyric loveliness, and the choral fantasia on Shakespeare's "Tempest" is very great music. Leibowitz and his numerous forces play, speak, and sing it with care and verve, and anyone who remains unconverted to Berlioz should listen carefully to side 2. "Lélio" is more than a significant autobiographical document of romanticism, and though not many listeners will concentrate very often through it all, many are certain to find enduring beauty in several of its easily separable sections.

LIKEWISE new to records is Eugen d'Albert's opera "Tiefland," made available on three LP's in SPA 40/42, $17.85, as conducted by F. Charles Adler with Margarita Kenney, Waldemar Kmentt, and Elfriede Riegler of the Vienna State Opera in leading roles, the Chorus of the Vienna State Opera, and the "Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra." This German exemplar of *verismo* has been popular in Germany since shortly after its first performance in 1903, but it has not been heard at the Metropolitan since Emmy Destinn sang its Marta there for the fourth and last time on January 9, 1909. The score of this violent drama of eastern Pyrenean peasant life never sinks below a fairly high level of interest or rises to that of "Carmen" or the best Italian *verismo*. Often it sounds, for minutes at a time, like Richard Strauss at his lushest, least dissonant, most melodious. The libretto, made from a play by Angel Guimerà (not a Basque, as the record-note states, but a Catalan), is convincingly conveyed in this performance, but Margarita Kenney's voice is not sufficiently flexible for all the music in the wearing role of Marta. The men are better, and the orchestra is expressively managed.

Some of the climaxes provide far better music than I had been led to expect by the deprecatory words usually allotted to D'Albert as a composer. "Tiefland" leaves me with a desire to hear the renowned pianist's other most successful opera (he composed twenty-one!), "Die Toten Augen."

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Miss McRae and Mr. Elgart

THERE are some "new sounds" on pop records this month, but in contrast to the new sounds of most other months these particular sounds should endure. One is owned by an unknown vocalist named Carmen McRae. The other, invading where boredom long has held sway (and swing), is the new dance orchestra of Les Elgart.

Miss McRae, who makes her debut on four sides for Stardust label (also making its debut) seems to combine what we have liked best in Lena Horne, Ella Fitzgerald, and Sarah Vaughan. She offers suggestions of Vaughan's musical ear, Ella's relaxed beat, and Lena's plaintive feminine appeal. Still, her own sound is unmistakable. And in recent weeks we've been hearing Carmen McRae, it seems, every time we turn on a disc-jockey show. Good reason, in fact, for keeping that old radio. Good taste has gone into Miss McRae's selection of material: in one coupling she revives the lovely Jerome Kern-Leo Robin film tune IN LOVE IN VAIN, backing this with AUTUMN NOCTURNE (Stardust 1001)—the first recorded vocal version of this standard, I believe. The other disc offers a refreshingly rhythmic rendition of the middle-aged ballad WANTING YOU, (Romberg-Hammerstein) backed by a similarly styled performance of Gershwin's A FOGGY DAY (Stardust 1002). We look forward to more great show tunes sung by this smart, appealing stylist.

While the trees have been dropping leaves, Columbia has been busy dropping bands in comparable numbers from its artists' roster. The same week it dropped Benny Goodman, the label released a long playing dance program by its one *new* band, that of a comparative unknown, Les Elgart. If Elgart has a "gimmick," it's the fact that his music can be danced to. And peculiarly this is the one "gimmick" that seems to have eluded most of the modern name bands. The Elgart band, too, is a "modern" band, but what ought to be a highly commercial one. Musically there is a great deal here to hold sophisticated ears—with the sax, trombone, and trumpet choirs moving contrapuntally or swelling out in full, widely spaced modern harmonies. And, as in the old T. Dorsey and Glenn Miller bands, there are elements of excitement and warmth. These stem, it would seem, from ideal tempo settings and from the special timbre of the sax and trombone sections. The saxes are frequently breathy and intimate, the 'bones are gutty and forceful. They don't sound like any other band that we can recall. The LP is aptly titled SOPHISTICATED SWING (Columbia CL 536) and it should register with the college crowd especially. Included are the buoyant "Heart of My Heart," a hauntingly beautiful version of Gershwin's "Soon," and an intriguing swing adaptation called "The Weasel Pops Off."

The Stan Kenton band is hardly devoid of personality, but it is singularly devoid of functionalism and a sense of humor. Kenton hires some of the best modern jazz men around, and smothers them in loud, pretentious, generally formless arrangements. Kenton gives "concerts," rarely condescends to play at dances. His arrangers grab at this or that Stravinskyism, genre 1911, as Dali grabs at Freud. Nothing profound or even organic results. Most of it is undanceable and little of it is jazz. The current Kenton offering is PORTRAITS ON STANDARDS (Capitol H 462), and while the "subjects" are eight of our more revered tunes, they all end up looking more like the "artist." Somewhere involved with the "cool," limpid saxes and screaming brass are such songs as "Autumn in New York," "April in Paris," etc.

If Kenton's "new" music leads into blind alleys, his one-time arranger Shorty Rogers is making more valid experiments with big band jazz. Rogers's jazz scores are architectural; still they set an improvisatory tone in which spontaneously conceived solos and duets can flourish without a trace of self-consciousness. This music is primarily for listening, but it swings too. The current album carries the precious title COOL AND CRAZY (RCA LPM-3138), which is quite misleading, since the music avoids extremes of the blasé and frantic. This is fresh, spirited stuff, played by fertile, technically equipped musicians. One Johnny Graas plays some remarkable French horn on a thing called "Coup de Graas," while "short-stop" features Shorty's own trumpet, Art Salt (a pseudonym for Pepper), on alto, and Jimmy Guiffre on tenor sax. The fascinating title of one selection is "The Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud." —BILL SIMON.

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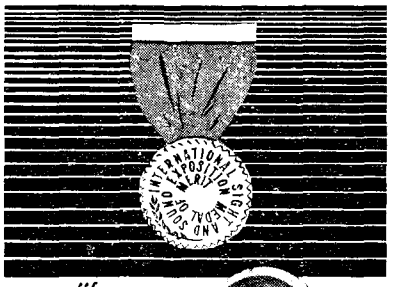

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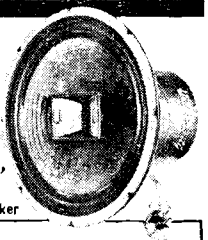

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The Other Side

LONDON.

Columbia's current list includes several impressive items. Delius would surely have been overjoyed with the recording of his "Mass of Life," conducted by his chosen disciple, Sir Thomas Beecham. Sir Thomas, who professes to hate the gramophone but who loves to make records "because it is so difficult," took an inordinate time over this recording, but the results amply justify all the care and affection which he lavished upon it. Delians can also delight in a further ten-inch disc offering "In a Summer Garden," one of his loveliest pieces, and the early "Over the Hills and Far Away," while the December list contains Sir Thomas's new recording of "Appalachia."

HMV's November list contains a large quota of American recordings—Mercury as well as RCA Victor—which I need not discuss here. Beecham's performance of "Messiah" is, of course, a veteran of pre-LP vintage and the "dubbing" process is more noticeable with this set than it ought to be. But despite technical shortcomings and rather second-rate soloists, this recording (which had been witheld from us for six years) has been welcomed by many. It will, however, shortly encounter serious competition from Nixa-Westminster and also from Decca-London. From Vienna comes yet another "Pastoral" Symphony (our fourth this year, with two more listed for December), conducted by Furtwängler. It is one of Dr. F.'s most eccentric readings, with a tediously slow first movement and a Finale which begins andante, reaches allegro molto for the second subject, and concludes as a pure adagio (how unimaginative of Beethoven to let "Allegretto" suffice for the whole movement!). Without Furtwängler's excesses it would have been a splendid issue, for the symphony is beautifully played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and smoothly recorded.

Edwin Fischer is responsible for a strangely disparate pair of "Brandenburgs": an excellent, alert, and finely phrased No. 2 and a curiously rambling No. 5. In the former he is content to conduct the Philharmonia and employs harpischord continuo; in No. 5 he not only conducts but plays the important keyboard part on the piano. Also on HMV we have Schubert's great Quartet in D minor ("Death and the Maiden"), sensitively performed by the Amadeus String Quartet.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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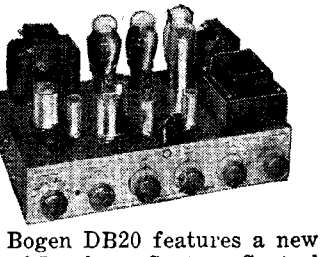

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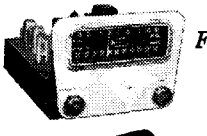

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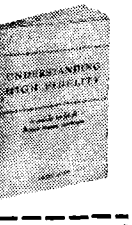

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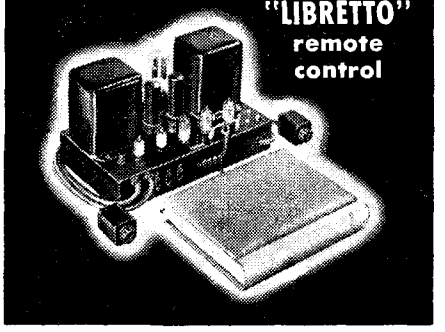

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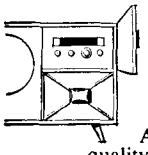

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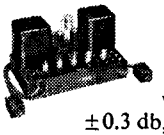

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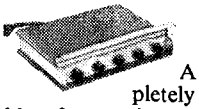

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New Trends in Audio

Continued from page 46

great inertia, and maintains it without any apparent fluctuation. No transmission of noise to the speaker. Horizontal revolution faithfully held. Expansive collet on the spindle locks warped records to prevent slippage. An admirable instrument in spite of a rather primitive provision for changing speeds.

Rek-O-Kut LP-743, $60. A nicely machined, cast aluminum turntable one-inch deep at the rim, rim-driven from the inside. Little transmission of noise. Without prejudice to other turntables, none of which has been under examination here for an extended period, it may be remarked that one of these LP-743's betrays no deterioration after four thousand hours' use without repairs.

Thorens E-53PA, $60. Excellent motor, cast aluminum table, convenient device for changing speeds. Stays horizontal and transmits very little noise.

Presto 15G, $54. A cast aluminum turntable of quiet and steady operation. Both Thorens and Presto are lighter than the ones above.

Garrard Model T, $29. This works surprisingly well, but is recommended only where an instrument of larger proportions cannot be used, for it has a table only ten inches in diameter and an arm to brake it automatically.

CHANGERS: This writer still insists that changers are less than beneficial to the reproduction and preservation of LP records. For 78's their obvious great convenience may override the disabilities of noise and curtailed life. After dutiful examination, four ingenious mechanisms were found which do what they are supposed to do, and with efficiency and ease. All are well constructed and pretty precise, and all except the cheapest can mix ten and twelve inch records. The advantages of some differ from those of others, but Garrard RC-90 has the largest number. Thorens CD-43 is the only one with a twelve-inch turntable, ten sufficing for others in what seems like a mere continuance of tradition.

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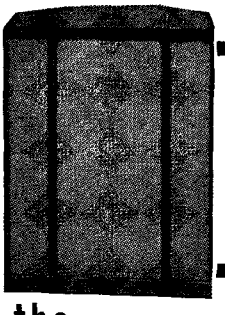

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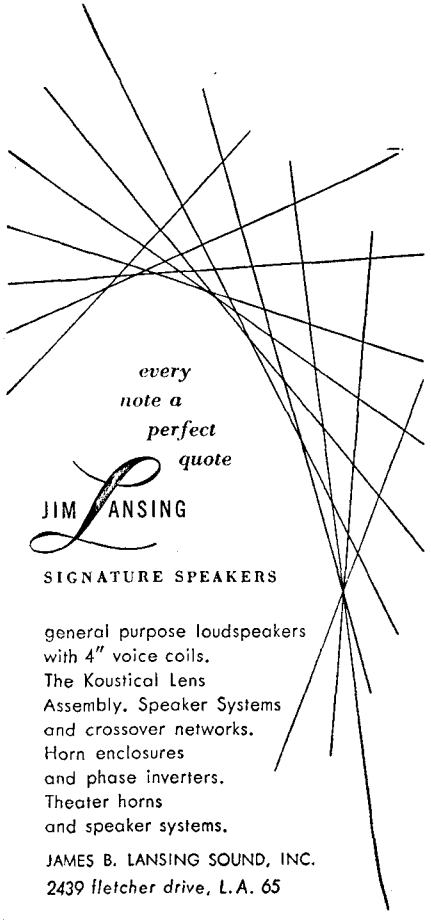

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One can buy a good amplifier with a certain finality, knowing that if it is good there are none much better. The difference between the poorest and the best magnetic pickup is not so great as to justify much discontent in the possessor of the poorest. The contradictory criterions for control units are delightful: the best is the one that can do the most, or else the one that requires us to do the least. The price of these components reflects the comparative similarity of their performances: not quite four-fold a difference between the cheapest basic amplifier and most expensive, less than three-fold in the case of pickups, and a little more than three for control units. But for speakers the difference between the good ones at the extremes is thirty-five-fold.

The extravagance of this divergence is matched by the multiplicity of speakers, the frightening number of compounds possible of tweeters, woofers, and mid-range elements, and the near-infinity of choice when we combine the foregoing with enclosures and cross-over networks. A laconic tabulation without explanatory comment would beg the question, and there is not space here for a complete tabulation. The book has room for that, but here the space remaining will serve only for a running list of some of the elements considered good of their type and for their cost.

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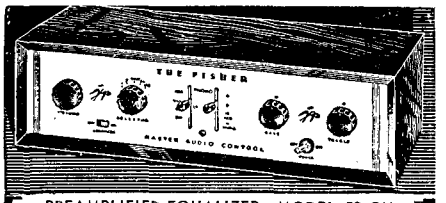

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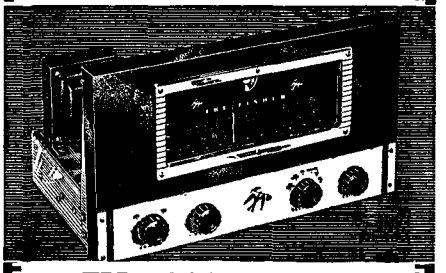

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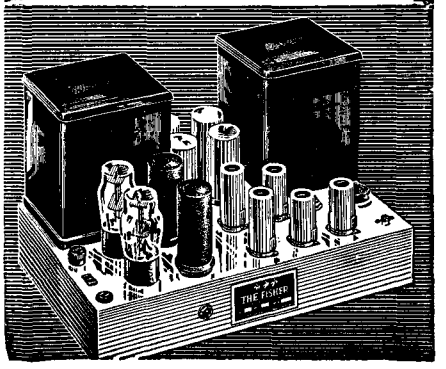

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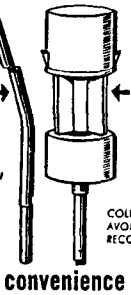

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cubic feet; that they are inexpensive and—proportionate to their price—extremely good. The "Duette," with its simulated leather case and very light weight, would be ideal for a portable outdoor speaker if Messrs. Jensen would equip it with a detachable handle. The Electro-Voice "Patrician" and "Georgian," the Brociner "Transcendent," and the venerable "Klipschorn" have in common that they too are speaker systems containing each three or four speakers and a cross-over, that their average size is about twenty-five cubic feet, that their cost ranges from $550 to more than $700, and that their reproduction of music belongs to the highest class we have.

At something more than $300 the brilliant Jensen "Tri-Plex" is excellent. So is the solid Jim Lansing D31050 at more than $500. So is the throaty Electro-Voice "Aristocrat II," at a little more than $200. The Tannoy coaxial speaker, the Jensen triaxial speaker, and the Electro-Voice triaxial are all very heavy and superior instruments at considerable difference in price, and the best of them will sound like the poorest if it is in the wrong enclosure. Apparently the excellent RCA LC-1A is now regularly available, at $180, and the "C" version of the famous Altec 604 will always be with us. General Electric makes a speaker, S-1201A, which is a miracle for $20. Wharfedale speakers are invariably admirable in their price class, and a combination of two or three in an appropriate cabinet can shame many higher-priced systems. Permoflux has an eight-inch speaker for $29, and University a twelve-inch coaxial, No. 6201, which are not esteemed without reason. Jim Lansing, Jensen, Stevens, Altec-Lansing, and Electro-Voice manufacture good speakers at all prices, and it would be an impossibility for the united brains of the entire audio-musical industry to ordain a qualitative hierarchy for them.

This is particularly so since good speakers and combinations of speakers are effectively modified, for better or worse, by their enclosures or baffling. Certain estimable speakers actually sound better in badly designed cabinets than in certain types of well-designed ones, and certain fortuitous combinations of good elements seem ordained. A Jim Lansing tweeter-woofer combination in a Gately "Purist" enclosure sounds as if it were born there. The slotted-front Karlson enclosure, constructed to last forever, is beneficial or cruel depending on who its inmate may be. Electro-Voice enclosures are uniformly excellent acoustically, and like some Jensen enclosures are tolerant of many speakers besides E-V's and Jensens. The Cabinart version of the Klipsch "Rebel" enclosure, lightweight and inexpensive as such things go, is efficient at rounding the bass of a surprising variety of twelve- or fifteen-inch speakers, and Permoflux's eight-inch speakers are well served by a small back-loaded corner cabinet, made by Permoflux. Etc.

There are too many. The man who thinks that he can properly establish their position on an endless hierarchical ladder is delinquent. But among the hundreds of combinations heard by the writer (out of thousands of combinations) certain ones, in various price-classes, appealed particularly to his sense of hearing. They are presented, in the book, as the most desirable of those which opportunity had brought to his attention; and with the space available there an attempt has been made to substantiate the choices, an attempt not possible here. The choices may not be the best, not only because of the fallibility of hearers and writers, but because of the multitude of material perforce unexamined; but the choices are good at least, in the verdict of other experienced hearers.

TUNERS were originally included in this epitome, but a consideration of their merits involves lengthy discussion as to what type best suits what kind of use in what place, and this article is already cramped. However, it may be said that the Browning RJ-42 and the Fisher 50-R, both AM-FM instruments without tone controls, will fill the requirements of most uses in most places for those who can afford them.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

COPLAND ON KAPELL

I want to express my gratitude to you for publishing Aaron Copland's letter about the late William Kapell [*SR* Nov. 28]. Copland has certainly spoken about Willie more accurately than anyone else.

SUSAN LACKRITZ.

Waltham, Mass.

LANDOWSKA—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

EVER SINCE LP was born I have waited in vain for RCA Victor to issue Landowska's earlier shellac HMV recordings on LP. Can you tell me if this is wishful thinking? Also what are the future recording plans for this superb artist?

LARRY LAISHLEY.

Huntington 3, W. Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the current release of RCA reissues is LCT-1137, which includes the "Italian Concerto," "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue," Partita No. 1, and Toccata in D as recorded by Landowska in the Thirties. She is just now completing the last volume of the "Forty-Eight." As for future plans, there are rumors of a projected LP devoted to the Poulenc "Concert Champêtre" and the Falla Concerto for Harpsichord.*

"REPROCESSED BROADCASTS"

EITHER *SR* OR ALL its discophile readers are obsessed by three names in roughly this order: Toscanini, Flagstad, and Ponselle. These are worthy obsessions, without a doubt. However, it is to be hoped that some day *Saturday Review* will elect to devote space to some of the great singing artists of today. Surely the "Aida" of Zinka Milanov is deserving of as much written acclaim as Flagstad's Isolde. By the same token, recent Toscanini opera recordings should be re-evaluated in a more objective light.

Here is one opera-on-records fan who can strictly take or leave reprocessed Toscanini broadcasts, with (in the case of "Otello") less-than-first-rate casts, coughs, humming, and granite-like orchestral sound. Can we not persuade RCA, for instance, to relegate its Toscanini "Aida" broadcast to a respectful shelf in the archives? And having done so, can we not further persuade them to round up Milanov, Bjoerling, Thebom, and Warren or Merrill, together with Mr. Cellini or Cleva (Columbia willing) and the Robert Shaw Chorale, and with Orthophonic Sound record the all-time definitive "Aida"?

JOHN B. FISHER.

Quincy, Mass.

TOSCANINI'S "AIDA"

Your recent information [RECORDINGS LETTERS, *SR* Oct. 31], on the Toscanini "Aida" has disappointed me very much. Like many other music lovers, I was hoping for a complete "Aida," not just a patchwork of excerpts. As you have done in the past with many requests for which there was a large enough demand, could you pass along the following advice to the higher authorities at RCA Victor? Use those portions of the actual performance recording deemed good enough to pass Maestro Toscanini's stringent tests and record anew the other sections not okayed so that a complete "Aida" will be issued after all.

LESTER W. GELLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Considering the cost of such a project, to say nothing of Toscanini's antipathy to recording music piecemeal, Mr. Geller's suggestion is probably (and unfortunately) quite impractical. Also, the original personnel could hardly be reassembled.*

AND HIS "MISSA SOLEMNIS"

Is there any hope of LP availability for the greatest of all Toscanini broadcasts, the Beethoven "Missa Solemnis"? A curtailed "Aida" is not an adequate substitute for the Ninth's sister.

P. L. FORSTALL.

Evanston, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "Missa" conducted by Toscanini will be available from RCA Victor in the spring. It is a "studio recording" (meaning Carnegie Hall), not an off-the-air taping of the broadcast performance.*

OPERAS WITH TRAUBEL?

I HAVE SEARCHED the LP catalogue for a recording of a complete opera with Helen Traubel, but have been unable to locate one. . . . Do you know if such a recording is under consideration?

J. E. SPENCER, JR.

Clarksville, Texas

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The time for such a recording is very likely past by now. However, an LP recording does exist (on Columbia) of the complete third act of "Die Walküre" with Traubel as Brünnhilde.*

RUFFO AND HIS ERA

GEORGE JELLINEK'S ARTICLE "Ruffo in Retrospect" [*SR* Aug. 29] was very enjoyable. I especially valued his review of various Ruffo recordings.

As there are so many records now available of famous singers of the past, I wish you could devote a column once in a while to the artists and the recordings of the acoustic era.

EDWARD AHLES.

Woodside, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If other readers second Mr. Ahles's suggestion, we would like to hear from them.*

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